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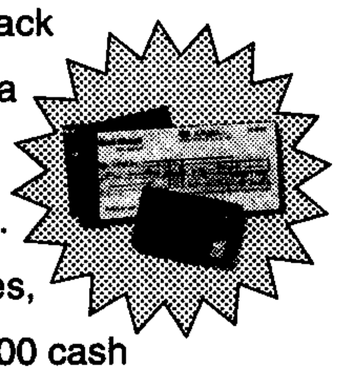

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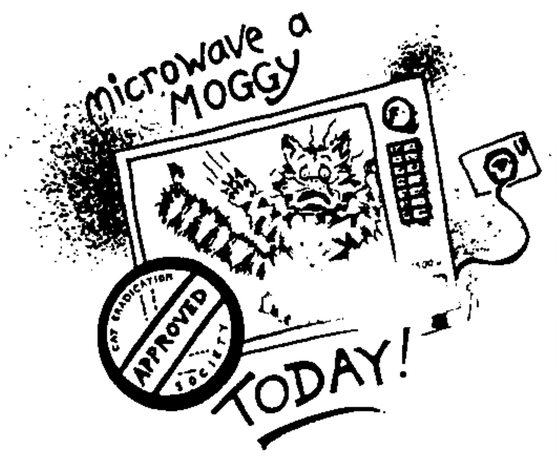

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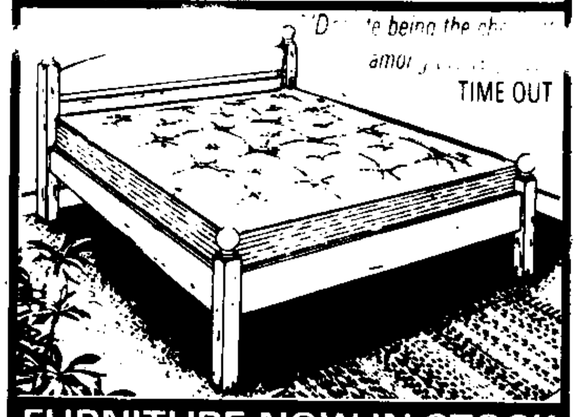

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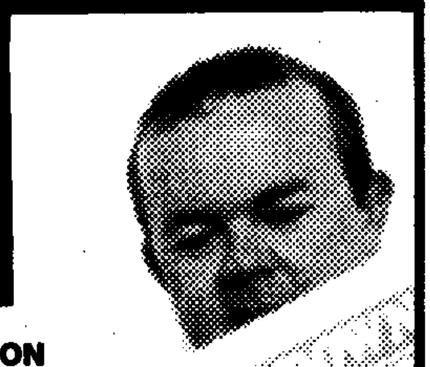

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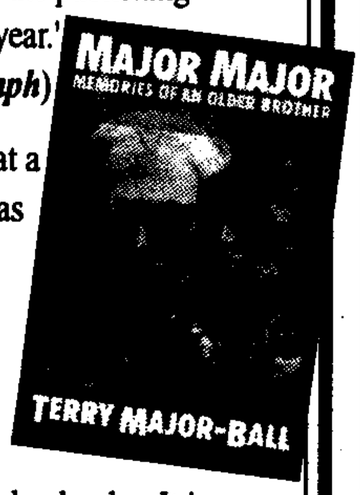

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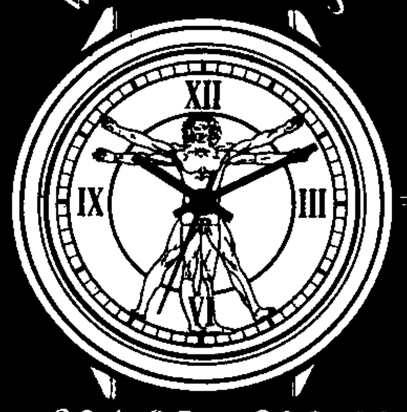

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THREE CHEERS for the European Commission for Human Rights, who have at last turned their attention to the greatest miscarriage of justice in Europe this century — i.e. my conviction on 12 charges of conspiracy, theft and false accounting four years ago.

The basic human right of a rich businessman to mount an illegal share support operation has been triumphantly vindicated.

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Furthermore they state that the DTI should never have been permitted to investigate me as they would obviously have found out the truth and thus prejudiced the whole legal proceedings against me.

This is a historic judgement and it is only the beginning of my long fightback. I am now demanding £50 million compensation for the long seven weeks out of a five-year sentence that I served in prison before being released for health reasons (Incurable Saunders Disease, which miraculously responded to a new treatment called Being Let Out).

Justice has at last been done. As were all those people at the time *(shurely shome mishtake? E.S.)*.

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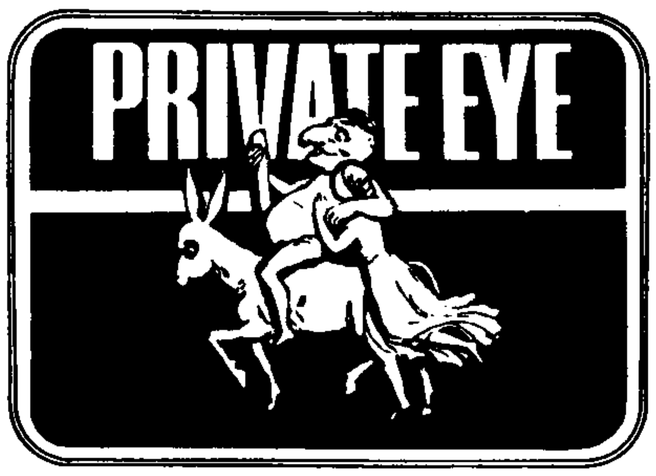

COLOUR SECTION

WHILE the attorney-general ponders whether to ban Betty Maxwell's memoirs, there is further news of her talented sons Kevin and Ian, who are currently awaiting trial on fraud charges.

Last month we reported on a recent trip by Kevin and Ian to Austria, where they met two executives of the mysterious multinational company Nordex — Gregory Lutschanski, Nordex's group president, and Oknan Doinov, who works in the company's London branch.

Now, in an interview with the Austrian weekly magazine *Profil*, Lutschanski has spoken about his relationship with the Maxwell boys. "Both of them were under contract to me," he explained. In the same interview, Lutschanski felt obliged to deny that Nordex was involved in money laundering of state funds for former Soviet republics. He also denied that he had ever been a KGB agent.

Lutschanski, who is of Latvian extraction, was refused entry to Canada last year because he was unable to satisfy a Canadian visa officer about the source of Nordex's vast wealth. (The European Nordex group had a turnover of $2 billion last year.) It has also been reported that his company is being investigated by the Russian police, the Austrian police and Interpol.

However, at the end of August a spokesman for the interior ministry in Vienna assured the Hong Kong newspaper *Eastern Express* that Lutschanski was not under investigation by the Austrian authorities. "He is free, he is not in jail," the spokesman said. "There may be some problems with the company, but they are not related to Austrian security."

So that's all right, then. But what of the Maxwell boys' other chum at Nordex, Oknan Doinov? The Bulgarian government is still eager to interview him about millions of dollars that "went missing" from the public purse in Sofia between 1981 and 1989, but Doinov seems reluctant to help them with their inquiries. Last year he was arrested in Vienna while the Bulgarian public prosecutor sought his extradition, but the application was eventually turned down as the Austrian courts decided the allegations against him amounted to a "political" crime and were therefore not extraditable.

So, once again, that's all right, then. Both Lutschanski and Doinov are clearly sterling fellows, and most suitable playmates for the brothers Maxwell.

TORY party members across the country are wondering why they have been landed with such a prize wally as Jeremy "Gaffe" Hanley as their new chairman. One answer emerges from a remarkable correspondence between "Gaffe" and an erstwhile loyal Tory in his constituency, Gerald James.

In 1988 Mr James, who was chairman of an arms company called Astra, was distressed by yet another whacking pay rise for MPs and wrote to Mr Hanley to complain. Back came a long pompous reply to the effect that the public and the people of Richmond and Barnes were lucky to have such a talented representative since he had made an enormous sacrifice on their behalf. If he had stayed working as an accountant, claimed Hanley, he would be earning £240,000 a year.

Naturally Mr James was anxious to avail himself of the services of so valuable a public servant. And when he found himself in trouble over a department of trade report on his former company, he wrote to his MP asking for a meeting "to discuss with you one or two most serious matters involving certain persons, the Conservative party and the intelligence and security services".

Mr Hanley replied: "You might be aware that I am the minister responsible for the defence intelligence services and therefore it would not be appropriate for us to meet other than in official circumstances... behind the scenes dealings or provision of information, even in good will, could later be exploited by those malevolent enough to do so."

Mr James had not the slightest idea what this meant, and wrote back angrily: "To refuse to meet a constituent on the grounds of a ministerial position is a total abrogation of your responsibilities."

Searching for an explanation for his MP's strange behaviour, Mr James came across reports of two fabulous dinners hosted by Mr Hanley as the minister for armed forces and paid for by the Army Board (taxpayer). The guests of honour at one of them, held just before Christmas 1993 at the Royal Hospital, Chelsea, were the Sultan of Brunei (the richest man in the world); Sir Denis Thatcher, who is a rich businessman but not so rich as his son Mark; and Lord Weinstock, chairman of GEC, which was closely involved with the aid-for-arms Pergau dam deal in which Mrs Thatcher played a leading role while prime minister, and in which another leading player was Mr Steve Tipping, best man and business adviser to her son Mark.

The other dinner hosted by Hanley — at the Tower of London in February 1994 — was attended by even more important people: Sir Colin McColl, head of MI6, and Stella Rimington, head of MI5.

What, asked Mr James, was the minister of the armed forces doing spending public money on dinners for the Sultan of Brunei, the Thatcher family and the security services? Mr Hanley replied on 8 June: "It shows a strange mentality that you should feel that you have a right to query these matters."

Could it be that the security services recommended Mr Hanley to the prime minister as a "safe pair of hands"?

WHOPPING 10 percent fare increases may be under consideration for London's commuters, but for the London Underground workforce it is freebie time.

Top brass at LU's plush HQ at St James's Park have decided that their 20,000 staff should all be sent on a two-day beano at a selection of three- and four-star hotels (most of which are outside London and no where near a tube station).

The Metropolitan line, for instance, opted for the 4-star Swallow hotel in Bexleyheath, Kent. Staff are treated to their rail fare, connecting taxi, breakfast, two lunches, dinner with wine and a personal mini-bar in their rooms.

With the help of "facilitators", the two-day course is meant to engender team spirit among different grades. Thus one poor group had to endure the ignominy of standing round the conference room throwing a ball of string at one another while holding on to the thread, thus creating a web. As the facilitator announced: "This is how London Underground works, all needing one another."

At £150 per person, the Underground, even with a 33 percent discount, can expect to spend a cool £2 million sending its workforce for a 4-star break. Passengers facing big hikes in their transport costs may not be pleased to learn that a second phase of "staff training" is under consideration at venues even further afield. Southampton is one hot inside tip.

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Street of Shame

SEEN lunching at Booty's wine bar in Wapping last week: Garry Bushell, voice of the yob culture, and fellow-intellectual Brian Hitchen, new editor of the *Sunday Express*. Could Hitchen be out to poach the only man in Fleet Street more right-wing than himself?

If so, it would not be for the first time. Three years ago Hitchen lured Bushell from the *Sun* to the *Daily Star*. After only a few weeks in the Lubyanka, however, the bearded oaf scurried back to the *Sun*, where he wrote an article loudly denouncing Hitchen's pisspoor newspaper.

The *Star*'s lawyers applied for a high court injunction against Bushell — but backed down when they heard he had sworn an affidavit which described, in fascinating detail, the drinking habits of senior *Star* executives.

One can only assume Hitchen has either forgotten or forgiven Bushell's shameless disloyalty.

EX-MIRROR MAN SET FOR NO TEN boasted the *Daily Mirror* when Alastair Campbell, its former political editor, was made Tony Blair's new press secretary.

Strangely, the *Mirror* completely forgot to mention that Campbell had left the rag after a furious row with its then editor David Banks. Tubby Banks had caved in when David Seymour, a toady of the paper's chief executive David "Rommel Montgomery, was given Campbell's job over his head.

Still, that's all water under the bridge. On the day his new Blair job was announced, Campbell received letters from Montgomery, Banks and the new *Mirror* editor Colin Myler. There was no reason, so far as they were concerned, why a cordial relationship should not prevail in future.

There was no letter from Seymour, however, which is not entirely surprising. After leaving the *Mirror*, Campbell took every opportunity to excoriate his replacement, including dredging up embarrassing references to his private life in an edition of *What the Papers Say*. Happily, the BBC cut the really offensive stuff.

DAVID BANKS, the scruffy, boozy slob who edited the *Daily Mirror* until being kicked upstairs a few months ago, is clearly a changed man since the company's relocation to Canary Wharf.

"It's time for a clean-up of all editorial floors, walls and desks," he announces brightly in an important memo to heads of departments, "to remove the clutter... that is creeping back into our smart new offices."

He has instructed the cleaners "to remove all posters, notices, rosters and the like from office walls". Checks will also be made to ensure that all desks are left "clean and tidy".

Finally, Banks warns that he is not prepared to tolerate "tea-making paraphernalia" in the office. Why does he object to tea? One can only assume it is because it's a non-alcoholic drink.

IN *EYE* 852 we noted that wine writer Hugh Johnson had lavished praise on Lord Rothschild's wines in the *Daily Telegraph* without deigning to mention that he and Lord Rothschild are in fact partners in a wine business.

It turns out that this is not the first time Johnson's wine-writing and business interests have been so happily synchronised. The American edition of Andrew Barr's book *Wine Snobbery* gives another instance. In his *1992 Pocket Wine Book*, Johnson described Chateau Latour as the "grandest statement of the Medoc: rich, intense and almost immortal in great years, almost always classical and pleasing in weak ones" — while neglecting to inform his readers that he was one of the chateau's directors!

HAVING spent years writing flattering articles about Ireland's richest man, Tony O'Reilly, former *Sunset Times* deputy editor Ivan Fallon has gone the whole hog and produced a full-length hagiography of the bloated tycoon, to be published on 29 September.

To mark this historic occasion, Irish newspapers have been running lengthy and sycophantic profiles of O'Reilly. The record-holder so far is the *Sunday Tribune*, which carried no fewer than six pages about him in its issues of 4 and 11 September, but the *Irish Independent*, *Sunday Independent* and *Evening Herald* are not far behind. By a strange coincidence, all are owned by... Tony O'Reilly.

By an even stranger coincidence, Ivan Fallon has been offered a job running Argus Newspapers in South Africa. The Argus group was bought earlier this year by... Tony O'Reilly.

● BUT whither O'Reilly's ambitions to become a newspaper tycoon on the British mainland?

When Fallon persuaded Hodder & Stoughton to put up an advance for his hagiography, O'Reilly was confidently expecting to take control of at least one of the major *Express-Mirror-Independent* newspaper groups.

Unfortunately for O'Reilly, Conrad Black, David Montgomery and even the fairly pathetic Lord Stevens intervened repeatedly to prevent destiny taking its course. And neither Fallon nor the *Tribune* can shed much light on O'Reilly's involvement (through his Irish Independent Newspapers) in the London *Independent*.

When O'Reilly gatecrashed Montgomery's party to become the paper's biggest shareholder with a 29.9 percent stake, it was claimed on his behalf that this was the beginning of a "hands on" approach which would see O'Reilly wield major influence. But wait. When the *Independent*'s accounts were published this month, there was a marked contrast between the treatment of O'Reilly's stakes in a South African publishing group and the *Independent*.

The former investment was taken above the line, the other below; in effect boosting the group's pre-tax profits. The explanation for this beneficial move is that although O'Reilly exerts a big influence over the South African titles, he has no such role with regard to the world's most indescribably boring newspaper. It's amazing how much can change when the auditors are in town...

THE *Independent* — or the *Dependent* as its own jaded hacks now call it — may have a new proprietor and a new editor, but this does not mean that all is now sweetness and light.

Last month we described a rather fraught encounter between Colin Hughes, the self-important assistant editor of the *Indescribablyboring*, and Peter Wilby, deputy editor of the *Sindie*. The meeting was brought to an abrupt end when Wilby, frustrated by Hughes's refusal to tell him the paper's new cover price, yelled: "You are an utterly preposterous human being! Get out!"

Hughes was none too pleased to see this related in the *Eye*. "There are," he wrote in a memo to Wilby, "only two possible conclusions to be drawn from your report of our conversation. Either you cannot, in fact, be entrusted with a confidence, or you are more hard of hearing than I thought."

Wilby, who is indeed famously deaf, has replied in kind. "You mean," he has written to Hughes, "your refusal to confide in me was confidential? You are an even more preposterous man than I thought."

"Holy Sad Bastards, Batman! Somebody's just paid £11,000 for one of our old comics"

IAN HARGREAVES, the *Dependent*'s new editor, has made a promising start by sacking two hacks who have been with the paper since it was founded: foreign editor Harvey Morris and design editor Michael Crozier.

For both men, it is a long-overdue comeuppance. When Godfrey Hodgson was sacked as foreign editor a couple of years ago, Morris seized his job with quite indecent haste. As for Crozier, he has spent years boasting that he "created" the *Independent*'s original design and layout. Not true, of course: this was the work of another designer, Nick Thirkell. Nevertheless, by claiming the credit Crozier has managed to get himself invited all over the world as a consultant and lecturer.

Crozier whinged to *UK Press Gazette* this week that Hargreaves was "intending to remove the last vestiges of the paper's founders". Hacks at the *Indy* — who for years had to labour under the dead weight of such figures as Crozier, Andreas Whittam Strobes and Matthew Symonds — are hoping he is right.

IN JUNE the *News of the Screws* ran a huge story about the secret life of Louise Scott, conference facilities manager for the Confederation of British Industry.

"After hours," it revealed, "she becomes dish of the day herself, selling her body for £100 a time and organising kinky sex sessions complete with WHIPS and BONDAGE GEAR. CBI stands for Crumpet, Bonking and Indecency as she invites clients to thrash her bare bottom."

The article was copiously illustrated with photos of Scott in black stockings and leather knickers, performing a "steamy" lesbian show with a chum named Fiona.

When Scott learned she was about to be exposed in the *Screws*, she rang the *Sunday Express* and begged for advice. Roger Wilsher, the acting news editor, answered the phone and told her to come and see him at the paper's office. He nobly refused to believe that she was a prostitute — even though the *Screws* had a recording in which she had offered its reporter sex for £100.

Scott was so impressed by the *Express* man's innocence that love soon blossomed — and the happy couple are now engaged to be married.

JUST FANCY THAT!

AS interest rates go up, the reputations of financial hacks take a nose dive. Here are your top Fleet Street economists in full...

8 September: Diane Coyle, the *Independent*. "The treasury's monthly report yesterday reassured financial markets that an imminent increase in interest rates was unlikely."

8 September: George Sivell, the *Times*. "It is unlikely that interest rates will move before Eddie George and Kenneth Clarke meet again on September 26."

8 September: Will Hutton, the *Guardian*. "Mr Clarke will not want to act before the Conservative party conference."

12 September: Gavyn Davies, the *Independent*. "Last Wednesday the chancellor and the governor of the Bank of England decided to leave base rates unchanged, almost certainly until November or later."

12 September: Virginia Blackburn, *Daily Mail*. "Inflation's fall will ease interest rate fears."

12 September: Terry Byland, *Financial Times*. "The absence of dramas between the chancellor and the Bank of England has left the outlook for base rates unchanged."

12 September: Erm, base rates rise to 5.75 percent!

HALLO!

HALLO! HER bottom bits newly irrigated and in tip-top condition, the Princess of Wales telephones to reveal (after a playful pause!) that she will interrupt her gruelling round of personal therapy sessions next month to help people who are really sick when she opens the £4 million Frederick Andrews ward at Bart's Hospital.

Sadly, her visit will embarrass another friend of the Marquesa's, the health secretary Virginia Bottomley, who has a clever plan to close Bart's completely and save the public lots of money.

As a "strictly confidential" memo circulating around the Bart's board of management reveals: "This visit might give people an excuse to set up a demonstration... Because of its potential to embarrass, there should be no advance leak to the press."

Quite so: the Marquesa swears her readers to secrecy.

HALLO! *ALAS the Marquesa was too busy to accept "AN INVITATION TO DINNER WITH LORD JEFFREY ARCHER" in the olde worlde charm of, er, downtown Singapore.*

"Be inspired as Jeffrey Archer shares with you his secret of success. How he overcame his bankruptcy, rebuilt his business and became one of the world's most successful writers. Discover his drive and ambition which empowered him to write one bestseller after another. Learn the finer points of leadership, personal developments and motivation to make it to the top and stay there," says the modest blurb accompanying the dinner invite.

Jeffrey, taking time off from definitely not talking to his wife about television mergers, is on a speaking tour of Southest Asia, it seems. And just so the poorer folk in the region can benefit from his inside tips, he was only charging £1,277 for a table!

HALLO! HOW inspirational that the lovely Lady Archer is simply too fragrant to be cowed by malicious rumours concerning something called "insider dealing".

Bravely Dr Mary has wound up the so-called Lloyd's Hardship Committee and will now lead a team to collect Lloyd's debts, which, she tells me, amount to a mere £1.3 billion.

In her new role Mary will be better able to advise all her husband's chums — the 200 members of the House of Lords and the 51 unfortunate Tory MPs — who between them are said to "owe" millions. She will also be able to give a friendly steer to the five members of the royal family and 42 members of the royal household whom resentful lefties would like to see "paying through the nose" for the sin of being hardworking "names".

Why, for example, should the Duchess of Kent, who has a delicate disposition, be hounded for £500,000... or Princess Alexandra's husband Angus Ogilvy have to hand over £250,000? The Marquesa also fails to see why Prince Charles's former private secretary, the witty Sir John Riddell, should be harassed for a measly £500,000 just because he put his "name" down for something called Gooda Walker.

Nor will Philip Ayrton Grime, royal vet at Windsor, be able to nurse Her Majesty's corgis through a difficult winter if he has to worry about so-called "debts" of £1.5 million.

HALLO! *WE ARE delighted to hear that, after a slight delay because of some silly fuss about copyright, Diana Souhami's book about the tendresse between Cecil Beaton and Greta Garbo is at last available.*

Imagine poor Diana's distress, then, on entering Hatchards bookshop in Piccadilly, to find no sign of the book. An assistant explained that it had been removed from display on the prompting of Hugo Vickers, the dapper, monocle-wearing bachelor who has himself written biographies of Beaton and Garbo.

Diana has now written to Hugo's literary agent Gillon Aitken (whose other authors include those evergreen celebrities Salman Rushdie and Terry Major-Ball). "I wish," she tells him, "you would dissuade your client Hugo Vickers from encouraging the Hatchards' staff to remove my book Greta and Cecil from their shelves. Though the poor fellow's preoccupation with me has its flattering side, this latest is a touch ungentlemanly."

In reply, Mr Aitken tells Ms Souhami that she betrays an "imperfect understanding of my client's position", and asks her not to send him any more letters. How rude!

HALLO! WE ARE thrilled that Princess Diana's new literary adviser and lunch-time date, the slim, debonair Clive James, is finally getting the financial recognition he deserves.

The reclusive Sydney poet, after starving in a garret all these years, has signed on for Carlton Television after he and his clever producer, Richard Drewett, were cruelly driven from an ungrateful BBC which refused to pay the wretched pittance of £950,000 a programme that they had demanded.

Luckily the charming Clive has agreed to make TWO whole series a year for Carlton, so by dint of hard work Clive should be able to scrape together enough to take Diana out to lunch again. Not that she eats very much, of course.

HALLO! *WE ARE also thrilled to be invited to the wedding of the year between multi-talented Radio One "personality" Bruno Brookes and the shimmering Debbie Brooker.*

Bruno thinks of everything; and his special "wedding co-ordinator" writes with a list of "do's and don'ts" for this romantic day in the jetset resort of Peterborough.

Children are most unwelcome, it seems; and the "co-ordinator" also decrees that gentlemen shall wear morning suits, the dress code being rigid. Bruno insists on grey waistcoats but does gracefully allow that "the cravat may be in your chosen shade of colour". Very Radio One!

Nor does one have to worry about presents. Bruno kindly provides Harrods' telephone number so we can all contribute to the grand piano he wants. Oh, and the wedding co-ordinator reminds guests to leave those nasty video camcorders at home.

HALLO! ALL THIS tittle-tattle over whether the gallant Andrew Parker Bowles will divorce his loyal wife Camilla is nobody's business but theirs and the divorce lawyers.

What we should remember at such a difficult time is this loving couple's exemplary loyalty to the future monarch. Camilla's selfless sacrifice is well documented, but now is an appropriate moment to recall the judicious judgement on her husband by a fellow member of White's.

"There goes the finest man in England," observed the elderly buffer, nodding at the gallant major. "He is so loyal to the crown, he has laid down his wife for the sake of the country."

The Marquesa

Pseuds Corner

Tariq Ali, an Exeter contemporary, remembers those rapscallion tendencies. "One night, in the early hours, he [Craig Raine] came knocking on my door in a state of immense agitation. He insisted that I come down to the staircase loo to observe something truly remarkable. A giant turd in a lavatory pan!"

Sunday Times Magazine

The respective treatment of Mike Atherton and Diana Modahl by the justice systems of their respective sports is instructive. Would it be too crudely Marxist to map the mode of punishment onto the mode of production? Is the summary "justice" Atherton received indicative of the feudal nature of cricket and Modahl's resort to law, and the BAF's respect for due process indicative of liberal capitalism?

NIC GROOMBRIDGE
Letter to Guardian

But Pete Burns is no cuddly, living doll. His eyes were fully covered by dyed contact lenses: black holes glowing without expression, without variation, alien. His mere presence was a subtle affront, queer in the widest sense: "an expression", as lesbian philosopher Sue Goldin writes in *Pariah Bodies*, "of our unquantifiable strangeness and unclassifiable curiosity". For those few minutes I remembered why I love British pop music.

JON SAVAGE
Guardian

Jeff Buckley is 27 years old. He has cheekbones you could balance a vase on and a voice that leaves bruised thumbprints on the heart...

CAITLIN MORAN
Times

We went on to discuss [Damien] Hirst's new work, entitled *Couple Fucking Dead Twice*. He described it thus: "Just two tanks, with no formaldehyde in them, and there are four cows — two in one tank, two in the other — and they're just these peeled cows. One's just stood upright, and the other one goes on its back, giving it a really tragic, slow fuck. They're both cows, so it doesn't matter. And they'll just rot. By the end there'll just be a mess of putrid flesh and bones. I just want to find out about rotting."

There's an eloquence in this description that underscores his comments about the importance of the inspiration for him.

WILL SELF
Modern Painters

Overall, I think it's [Jaguar XJS Convertible] the kind of car I'd want as a second vehicle. Something I kept in a garage and treated with respect.

ARI ASHLEY
Daily Mail Weekend

Environment has no meaning except in relation to what is environed. There is, for sure, an environment of this and that and, indeed, of everything, but if the environment were everything, it would have to have its own environment — such that it could not itself be everything. Nothing has any value except in some context. Thus our environmental concern should be translated, less into worldwide excesses to save the planet, but rather into an awareness of the contexts of all things, and not into things as such.

Resurgence

CONTRIBUTORS: James, B. O'Keeffe, A. Yacobi, R. Stakianos, E. O'Doherty, S. Dee, M. Mort.

£10 paid for entries

IT WILL be just like old times when Lady Thatcher's merchant banker chums at Kleinwort's, Morgan Grenfell, Warburgs and all her old Malaysian crew accompany John Major on a business trip to Saudi Arabia and South Africa.

In Saudi Arabia the only British goods Major and Co can flog are arms — most notably 40 more British Hawk fighters from an ever-grateful British Aersopace.

The fighters are part of the latest tranche of the Al Yamamah arms deals signed by Thatcher in 1987 and 1988. They come complete with another assurance from the prime minister that no one will ever publish the fascinating report by the public accounts committee (PAC) and the national audit office (NAO) on the Al Yamamah arms deals.

Written in 1992, the report was instantly suppressed. It lists some of the horrific commissions paid to middlemen and assorted crooks who were connected with the deals. It was felt at the time, and is still felt by Major and his advisers, that publication of these figures would jeopardise a lot of jobs.

In South Africa Major's team will concentrate on the sale of, er, yet more arms: no one should be fooled by the presence of decoy sportsmen on the trip.

THE *Independent on Sunday* **has had an angry letter from libel solicitor Peter Carter-Fuck on behalf of government minister Charles Wardle.**

Wardle objects to the suggestion that senior staff at the home office objected to his rumbustious office style, and had complained about him accordingly. The source of the story seems to have been the First Division Association of civil service "high fliers", whose leaders are proving very reluctant to come up with proof. A juicy court action therefore seems unlikely.

PS: In the recent reshuffle, Wardle was shifted sideways to the department of trade and industry.

ALAN MEALE, the roly-poly Labour MP for Mansfield, is busily digging his own grave in his constituency, it seems.

Problems began when he was implicated in the unfair dismissal of Mansfield Labour club's steward. An industrial tribunal heard evidence that Meale had sanctioned a secret deal to sack the steward to save the club from financial ruin. And when local apparatchiks, who include some actual socialists, heard these extraordinary revelation, some suggested that another candidate should be found to stand against Meale when the reselection process begins.

Meale was more than a little perturbed at this and wrote to all his "comrades" post haste. He defended his actions saying he had always acted within party rules, and ended his defence: "It does the Labour party no good whatsoever in continuing to abrase itself on a matter hurtful in all respects."

Sadly the letters only landed Meale in even hotter water. He used Commons pre-paid envelopes — a breach of conduct the parliamentary committee on privileges might be interested in.

QUANGO [illegible]

CONGRATULATIONS to Welsh secretary John Redwood, who promised to "slash the role of the state".

After next May, when local councils in Wales become slim-line "unitary" authorities, there will be just 1,260 councillors in the principality. Then, for the first time ever, the number of elected public officials in Wales will be lower than the number of unelected chums of the Tory party who have been appointed to Wales's quangos.

Redwood has achieved this by becoming responsible for the nomination of party friends and has-beens to almost 1,700 quango posts. From next May, Welsh quangos will also spend more money than elected Welsh local authorities.

Another key difference is that councillors cost the public about £1,000 a year, but inconveniently they are elected by local ingrates who refuse to vote Tory, not knowing what's good for them. Quango appointees cost three times as much — but they can be personally selected by "Slasher" Redwood. So much for local democracy.

STEPHEN DORRELL has got off to a flying start as heritage secretary by appointing Andrew Reid (*Who he?*) to the powerful Radio Authority, which licenses independent radio stations and allocates frequencies.

Reid is a solicitor and senior partner in a small West End law firm. Apart from law, his interests span fields as diverse and relevant as horticulture and, er, horse breeding.

No sign of a fervent media interest then. But wait: Mr Reid does have one outstanding quality for the radio job which eagle-eyed Mr Dorrell spotted. He is a staunch supporter of the Conservative party, and thus eminently appropriate quango fodder.

THE future of Drumchapel Opportunities Ltd, a quangoid job creation initiative set up in 1989 in an area with 41 per cent youth unemployment, now hangs in the balance after a critical report by Glasgow city council revealed debts of £490,000.

DO is the largest urban aid agency in Europe, and its cash crisis led to the resignation of its chief executive Jeremy Wyatt and that of Darrel Bethell, its "enterprise" director.

Charles Gordon, the DO chairman and a regional councillor, said: "There is no question of misappropriation here, and there is no police involvement."

And as Glasgow city council chief executive Tom Monaghan, who disclosed the debts, added: "Much of this is simply attributable to poor management of projects... and the lack of adequate financial control." So that's all right, then

'Backbiter'

BROADCASTING BAN LIFTED

WATER NEWS

WHEN is a public park not a public park? When it is owned by Welsh Water.

Not content with its bid to concrete over big bits of English countryside and make money from toll roads (see last *Eye*), Welsh Water now wants to do the same thing in Wales by expanding into property speculation.

Nothing better illustrates the private water monopoly's attitude to the environment than its exciting plan to destroy a park in Cardiff by sticking "executive" houses on it.

Cyncoed Gardens has been a public park for 67 years, but it is now threatened because it also happens to be a "prime site" in one of city's posher areas. When Welsh Water, who took over ownership on privatisation, applied for planning permission for 15 executive homes on the two and a half acre site, Cardiff city council started legal action to stop the company from destroying the green space enjoyed by locals.

The plan, which could net Welsh Water at least £1 million profit, is important because the case could set a precedent which allows more asset-stripping by the water companies. Curiously there was no mention of this particular environmental plan in a glossy letter extolling Welsh Water's green credentials which it has just sent out to its three million "customers".

CARING, sharing Anglian Water is offering its soon-to-be jobless employees a sop: a counselling service to help them deal with the trauma of redundancy.

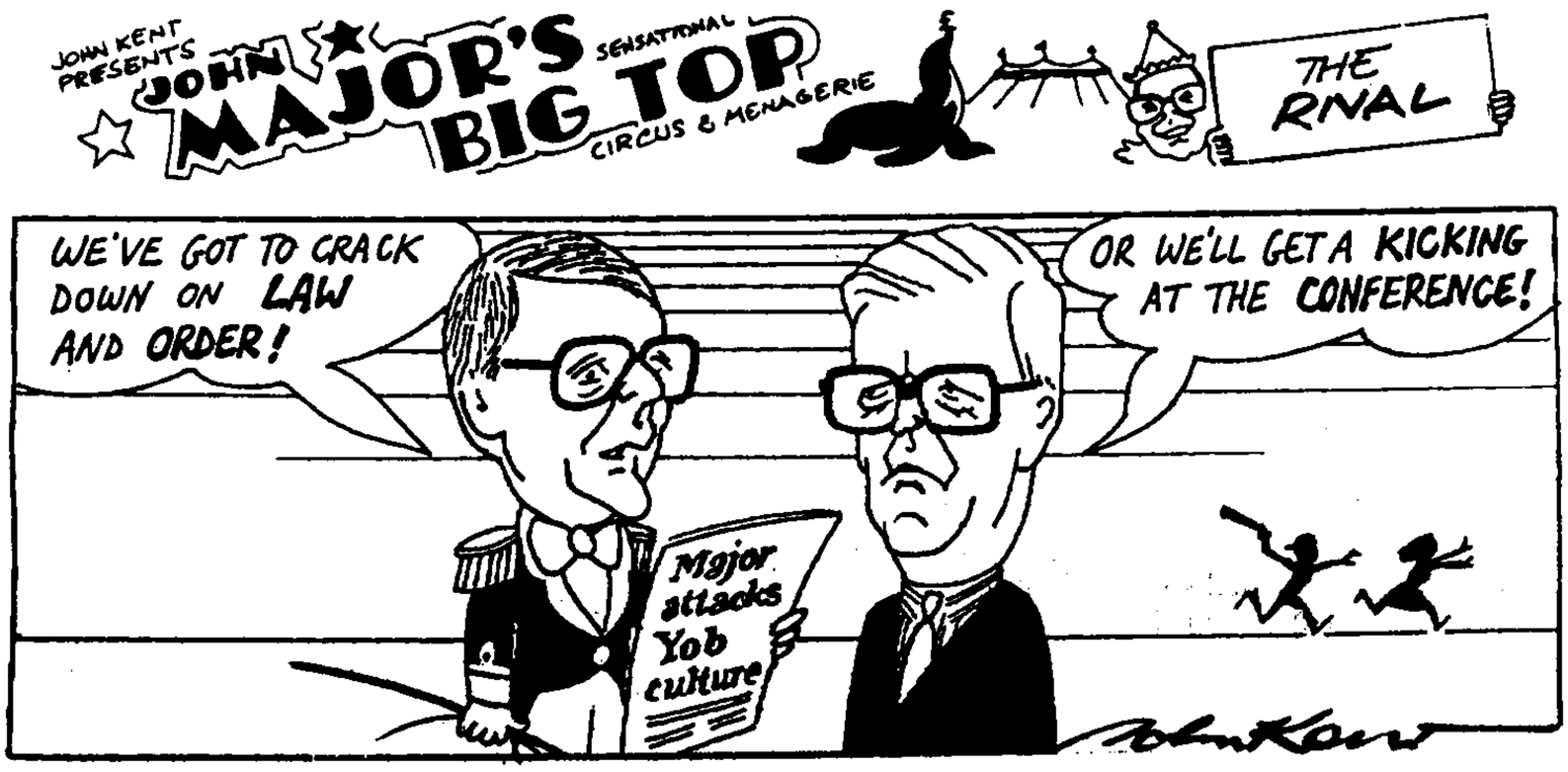
The company has hired Focus Ltd at considerable expense (not to shareholders, of course: the bill will be sent to water customers) to soothe workers' bruised psyches.

According to some who have already been "psychometrically tested", the sessions are almost completely useless. Clever counsellors advise workers to cheer themselves up by driving to work a diferent way or by wearing a different coloured tie.

The final insult though is a freephone number at the end of which is a counsellor willing to listen to problems. As one worker pointed out, the problems only start when employees are told that their job no longer exists.

SHAMELESS as ever, Yorkshire Water has imposed a hosepipe ban in Bradford, Calderdale, Kirklees, Craven and large parts of Leeds, Wakefield and Harrogate, while seeking permission to lift an extra seven million gallons of water a day from the River Wharfe (from which it already takes 20 million gallons a day).

The "customers" who pay through the nose for the right to life (ie water) are not pleased: even Yorkshire Water admits losing 75 million gallons a day through its leaking pipes. But of course using the river as a pipe rather than repairing the company's own leaky ones makes a lot more sense for the shareholders. And what does it matter if whole populations of fish are destroyed? They haven't paid for their water, have they?


JOHN KENT PRESENTS
JOHN MAJOR'S SENSATIONAL BIG TOP CIRCUS & MENAGERIE
THE RIVAL
WE'VE GOT TO CRACK DOWN ON LAW AND ORDER!
OR WE'LL GET A KICKING AT THE CONFERENCE!
Major attacks Yob culture

NOOKS and CORNERS

HERE IS a sordid tale of how money transcends culture when the price is right. It concerns the Bloomsbury set — but before you yawn and turn the page, read on: for what matters is architecture.

We are concerned with Asheham House, near Lewes in Sussex, a listed building which was the sometime home of Leonard and Virginia herself, who lived rather longer at Monk's House, now owned by the National Trust. Unfortunately, Asheham House has fallen into the hands of Blue Circle Cement, one of those conglomerates whose future is so bound up with that of our government's road-building economy.

For Blue Circle, Asheham House, like anything beautiful and decent, is surplus to requirements and it is to be demolished. But the company has a conscience, for it has offered some £200,000 to Lewes district council as compensation to the "Lewes area" for this vandalism — and of this, the National Trust is to get £20,000 for Monk's House.

It will come as no surprise that Lewes district council is quite prepared to give Blue Circle Cement listed building consent to sweep away poor old Asheham House, but it is surprising that the National Trust is prepared to accept a cut of this "planning gain" or bribe, call it what you will. But there are some local members of the National Trust who think this "tainted" money should be declined and that Asheham House should be saved. I am inclined to agree.

Courtesy: Tunbridge Wells Museum & Art Gallery

MY PICTURE shows Christ Church in Royal Tunbridge Wells. As it was built as a church, as it stands in the centre of the town, as it is part of a whole sequence of ecclesiastical structures which articulate and give character to the urban fabric, this building is, naturally, also surplus to requirements.

Christ Church was built in 1837 — in the crucial period in the town's building development. It is sort of Romanesque, or Neo-Norman — not, it must be admitted, the most tractable of historical styles, but that is not the point. The point is that it is a listed building and stands in a conservation area.

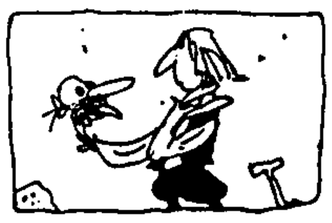
But this is not enough to save it from the diocese of Rochester. For the last dozen years, Christ Church has been in the charge of the Rev John Banner who, in the best traditions of the Church of England, has run down his parish. He now wishes to complete his ministry by demolishing his church and replacing it with a new purpose-built worship area combined with toilets, two shop units on the street and a car park.

Mr Banner, with all the authority his years have given him, argues that the church has "no architectural merit" and besides, is not listed. The first is a matter of opinion; on the second matter he is misinformed. Furthermore, it is unlikely that the proposed new two-storey block of shops designed by Messrs Graystone, Alan and Durtnell could be said to "preserve or enhance" the High Street conservation area, as the legislation requires.

Those financial wizards, the church commissioners, will have to find £1 million by selling off property elsewhere in the town. They also have several legal hurdles to overcome before they can get this wretched piece of outmoded ecclesiastical plant down. The rebuilding proposals are opposed by the Royal Fine Art Commission, the Victorian Society, the Georgian Group, and the local Civic Society, among others, while the borough council's conservation officer finds the loss of the tower and portico of Christ Church "regrettable".

However, although even in Royal Tunbridge Wells the Conservative majority was upset in the recent local government elections, the planning committee of the borough council remains as acquiescent as ever and has given permission for Christ Church to go. After all, Royal Tunbridge Wells is reluctant to impede market forces, especially when they wear dog-collars.

'Piloti'



LUVVIES

Patricia Hodge and Peter Bowles, who share top billing in the revival of Terence Rattigan's *Separate Tables* at the West End's Albery Theatre, have been keen to stress their equality off-stage as well. Their dressing rooms, which face each other across a corridor, are both numbered 1. Before they took up residence this week, the doors were numbered 1 and 1a. Bill Kenwright, the play's producer, stress this has nothing to do with ego. "Peter Bowles is an absolute gentleman and Patricia is wonderful. On tour they took turns to share the number one dressing room. It is all very civilised."

The Times

An occasional column devoted to gems from the acting profession. £10 paid for entries.

SALLY DEEDES

DESPITE all the touchy-feely free-range chickens and organic cucumbers, Sainsbury's attitude to the natural world remains aggressively commercial.

In Horsham, for example, another small corner of Britain's remaining open space is disappearing under yet another superstore.

Canon Tansill, the vicar of St Mary the Virgin, a 12th century parish church in the area, is not a happy man. The church, although only minutes from Horsham town centre, has overlooked open space for more than 1,000 years. But that was until Horsham district council granted Sainsbury's planning permission for a mammoth outlet bang next to the church and with parking for just the 600 cars.

Over the last two years Canon Tansill has been fighting to protect his church from being overrun by the superstore, but never once has anyone from the firm contacted him or consulted him and his congregation on their wishes.

Through his representatives on the district council, the canon first asked that the store be built on the corner of the site furthest from the church. He needn't have bothered: it is going up right next to the church. Those walking in the graveyard will be treated to a view of a windowless wall, while worshippers inside the church can enjoy the noise of the refrigeration and air-conditioning plant as a background to their prayers as there is now nothing to stop Sainsbury's opening on Sundays.

Canon Tansill worries that the development will increase the threat of vandalism at his church. Sainsbury's had agreed to build a 6ft-wall to protect houses running along one side of its site, and as a "gesture of goodwill to the people of the vicinity" to stick up a 4ft-rail along the churchyard. Instead Canon Tansill asked for the wall to be extended to protect his graveyard, but Sainsbury's decided the "additional cost could not be justified".

PS: There is a already a Sainsbury's in the centre of Horsham — but that will close and no doubt remain empty for some time since the company would not want a rival store to set up in business. So yet another empty building will be left to litter a threatened shopping centre.

PPS: The history of such Sainsbury developments is not a happy one. In April 1992 a spokesman for *Independent Grocer* magazine was thrown out of the press conference at the opening of the new Sainsbury's in East Dulwich. The magazine had supported the council's stance in turning down planning permission for it on the ground that it would damage existing shops in the area.

The council soon changed its mind, however, when the superstore offered to rebuild part of the Dulwich Hamlet football club, provide an all weather running track in the borough and double glaze the council estate opposite the proposed store. Suddenly local shops *wouldn't* suffer, after all.

However, a month after the store opened the council learnt its lesson: it launched a "Save Your Local Shops" campaign as the Co-op went out of business. In 1993 a survey of stores in East Dulwich village showed that 37 percent of their turnover had been sucked into the superstore, completely destroying the community feel of the shopping area. Horsham council, which last featured here when it bent the rules to build on a local nature reserve, may yet regret introducing God to Mammon.

Pre-School Nursery Facility Rhymes

Little Ms Muffett sat on a tuffet
And complained she'd been
sexually harassed.
The spider that eyed her
And sat down beside her
Legged it, severely embarrassed.

ME TV

Panorama: Babies on Benefit

(BBC1, 20 September 1993)

READERS may, understandably, have flicked rapidly past press coverage of last week's spat between the BBC and the broadcasting complaints commission over the latter's censuring of a *Panorama* programme. A boring bit of broadcasting politics, they may have thought. The usual kind of thing: liberal broadcasters defending their pinkish line against the right-wing JPs and peers of a moral watchdog.

This particular case, however, is not the usual thing at all. In this instance, the complaints commission — a body created as part of the first Thatcher government's attempts to intimidate television — has ticked off the BBC for being too *right*-wing: for reflecting too closely an aspect of Conservative party policy. And, of all possible targets, its wrath has fallen on *Panorama*. The reputation of this series in Middle England is captured by the fact that Terry Major-Ball, the prime minister's brother and archetypal suburban man, refers to it in his memoirs as "the BBC's left-wing *Panorama* programme".

So what's going on here? In the programme, which was shown almost exactly a year ago, reporter Margaret Gilmore examined the belief, which was part of the political debate at the time, that single women were having babies with the intention of being supported by the benefit system. Rather to the surprise of the programme's traditional critics, the report concluded that there was at least some truth in this view.

Focusing on St Mellon's estate in Cardiff, it believed that it had discovered a phenomenon of single mothers who were happy to bring up children without the involvement of the fathers and who were equally happy to rely on welfare payments. This was pretty straight reporting. Rather more provocatively, the documentary added another strand: a report from New Jersey, where welfare cuts to mothers had reduced the birthrate.

There is a view, held by many within the BBC, that this edition of *Panorama* highlighted the direction of post-Birt current affairs at the corporation: that the staff at *Panorama* got a sado-masochistic kick out of espousing "radical" right-wing ideas, and were leaning over backwards to show Birt and the government it wasn't lefty.

It is true that other *Panoramas* — on Westminster council and the Tory economic record — were strategically delayed in ways helpful to the government. But other *Panoramas* — such as one on mercury fillings in teeth — have directly challenged the government, and, in the case of the "babies on benefit" film, it is worth remembering that the BBC is supposed to be impartial rather than left-wing or politically correct.

"Hello, is that the 'What Have I Seen That Actor In Before?' service?"

And — this is the crucial point — the programme produced no complaint from any of the people featured in it. The broadcasting complaints commission exists specifically to adjudicate complaints from those who feature in television programmes. It is specifically not there to argue the philosophical toss — like some kind of quango version of *The Moral Maze* — with pressure-groups. But this, despite clear doubts from the bodies' own staff, is what the BBC decided to do when the National Council for One Parent Families came squealing to its door.

The NCOPF felt that the documentary promoted "negative images" of lone parents and suggested that all the participants were "typical". This, though, shows a dangerous misunderstanding of the documentary form. Documentaries do not have to be positive; and nor is there any suggestion that the speaker in a film is being presented as typical of the human race, or even a small part of it. *Panorama* was clearly saying that there were some single parents — and many on a particular estate — who had these views.

But now, unless the BBC is successful in its planned judicial review, we can look forward to the Roman Catholic church bringing complaints against films that feature abortion; car-manufacturers objecting to programmes about hot-rodding or ram-raiding on the grounds that these are "negative images" of automobiles, while the National Scouting Association files suit to protest at the implication that the youths featured are "typical" of young British males. Vegetarians and vegans will pepper the shows of Keith Floyd and Delia Smith with protests. The RSPCA will monitor any derogatory comments about individual species by David Attenborough.

And who are the people that have set this demented precedent? The complaints commission consists of a retired union leader, a superannuated tax accountant, a former diplomat and a CofE canon. They have shown, with this judgment, that they know nothing about television and nothing about life.

'Square Eyes'

WORLD OF HYPE

A LETTER of thanks from Gill Rowley, head of publishing at *Which?* Books, to those who provided unsolicited ski resort reports has caused bewilderment in some quarters.

It baldly states that the *Good Skiing Guide 1995* "provides detailed and totally impartial coverage of 400 resorts in Europe and North America" adding that "no advertising or sponsorship, no free travel, accommodation or meals are accepted". The facts are somewhat different.

The guide's editors, Peter Hardy and Felice Eyston, have enjoyed freebies in Tignes (France), Flims (Switzerland), and Vail (US). At least four other contributors travel extensively on freebies, and one of them, *FT* ski correspondent Arnie Wilson, has travelled on freebies in Austria, France, Switzerland and the US — his favourite destination.

Indeed, the US ski resorts section (75 pages) has more than doubled since the 1992 edition (under different editors), expanding to be almost the same size as the Swiss section (87 pages), even though the US market accounts for a mere 2 to 4 per cent of British skiers. Furthermore, the British "Ski Journalist of the Year" award, which has been won in the past by both Hardy and Eyston, is given by a marketing consortium of US ski resorts and appears to have some connection with the number of freebies journalists have taken in the US.

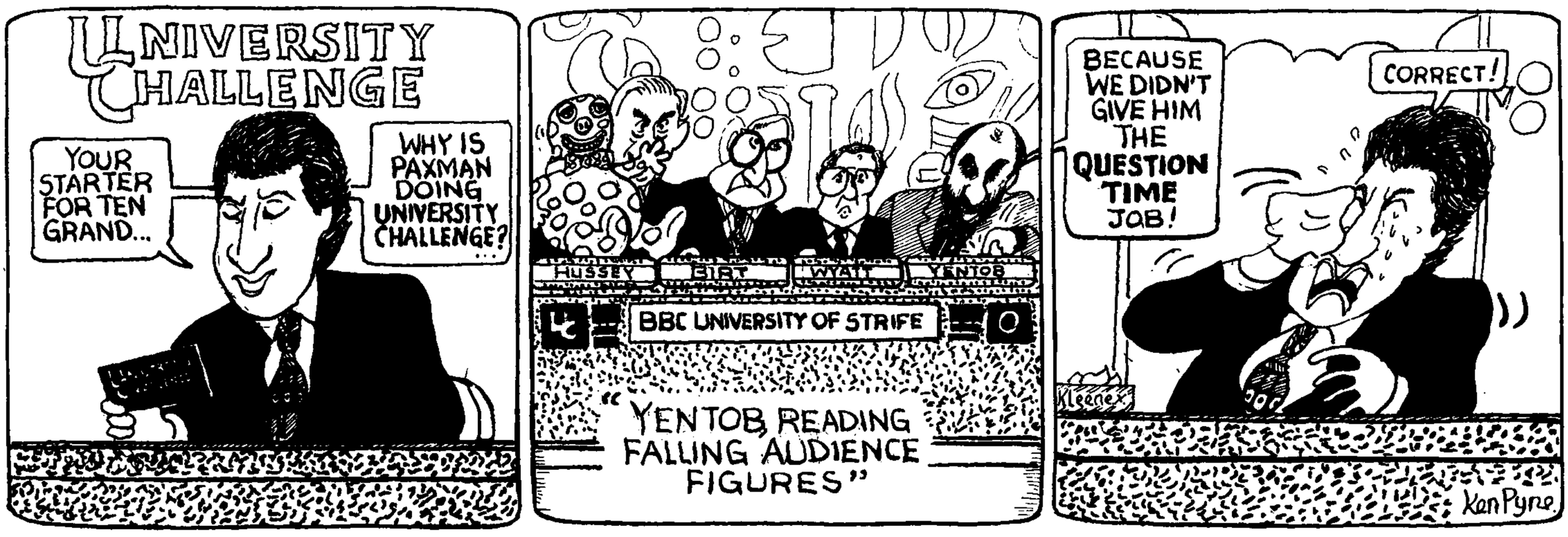
DR COLEMANBALLS

FANS of Dr Vernon Coleman, the *People*'s medical columnist, are once again leaping to his defence (see Letters) following the recent high court injunction which prevents him from "publishing, threatening to publish or causing others to publish" the home address and telephone number of Professor Colin Blakemore, a long-standing target for animals right activists.

Under the terms of the injunction, Coleman agreed to hand over to Blakemore's solicitors the names of people to whom he may have given details of the professor's whereabouts. This he has now done. He says he passed the information to three people — one of whom is "Mr R. Webb... address not known".

This is none other than Robin Webb, press officer for the Animal Liberation Front, a man who supports violent action against people such as Colin Blakemore. "I think what has to be clearly understood," Webb told the Radio 4 programme *Talking Rights* last month, "is that if the non-human animals could fight for themselves there would have been a lot of dead animal abusers by now, and as they can't fight for themselves, as they are so totally oppressed, if a human being took the life of an animal abuser I think it would be self-defence on behalf of the non-human animals and would be perfectly justifiable."

PS: Webb popped up in the news again at the end of August: he was arrested by Sussex police and charged with possessing a sawn-off shotgun and ammunition. Perhaps Dr Coleman might care to stand bail for him?



MEDIA NEWS

ARE YOU sitting comfortably? Prodigal two-year-old Jamie Anstruther certainly is after his mother gave him an early start up the broadcasting ladder.

Sue Anstruther, of BBC Enterprises, abridged two stories for distribution and use on *Book At Bedtime* and listed her talented son as one of her contributors. Radio executives were somewhat embarrassed when they realised the tot was credited with abridging such adult novels as *Love on a Branch Line* and *The Pursuit of Love*.

According to a BBC spokesman, Ms Anstruther credited her son as a joke and never expected his name to slip through the net.

MERIDIAN TV's social action unit came a bit of a cropper when making a programme about the plight of the disabled.

A team preparing a new investigative series called *Without Prejudice*, which aims to reveal discrimination through the eyes of those who suffer it, recruited a wheelchair-bound man for the programme on disability.

The man was due to speak on the various types of discrimination he faced in society — which were all brilliantly illustrated by his visit to Meridian.

When the man arrived at the studios, not only could he not get his wheelchair through the doors but he also had to suffer the humiliation of eating his lunch from a tray perched on his lap in the middle of Meridian's reception.

MUSIC & MUSICIANS

THE three orchestras that mount their concerts at the Festival Hall — the LPO, RPO and Philharmonia — await with trepidation the Arts Council's decision on whether their pitifully-low grants will continue beyond April 1995.

Where else in the world, music lovers wonder, would major arts organisation be expected to make long-term plans with such uncertainty hanging over them?

Meanwhile at the South Bank centre chief executive Nicholas "Abominable" Snowman has added bankruptcy to his holy trinity of Boulez, Birtwistle and Benjamin. Not only is the centre, in spite of munificent public funding, heading for financial ruin, but its artistic policy is seen as increasingly bankrupt, too.

July, August and the first half of September saw just one London orchestra give a concert at the nation's principal venue. Instead the Festival Hall staged pop concerts, a jazz festival, a season of popular ballet and a series of concerts of gospel, country and Cajun music. Oh, and there was virtually nothing at all from 13 August to 10 September. Does this challenging programme warrant a public subsidy of nearly £14 million a year?

By placing a stranglehold over grants to all London orchestras (apart from the LSO), and by giving no clues about the future direction of funding, the Arts Council has effectively given Snowman control of public subsidy for the capital's music. Judging by his record, he is the least competent person to be giving such a lead.

● So the new vice-chairman of the Arts Council, the architect Richard Rogers, is to be the South Bank centre's choice for redeveloping the site. Surprise, surprise!

While it is no doubt a shrewd move on Snowman's part, taxpayers must hope the scheme is less of a white elephant than the £500 million scandal of the new British Library at St Pancras, and that Snowman's favours to Arts Council mandarins are not at the expense of London's music.

'Lunchtime O'Boulez'

HACKWATCH: Alexander Chancellor

IN THE 1970S, Alexander Chancellor was a highly-regarded editor of the *Spectator*; in the 1980s, he created the *Independent*'s prize-winning Saturday magazine. Since then, however, he has been at a bit of a loose end.

He spent a year in America editing the *New Yorker*'s "Talk of the Town" section, but with no great success. Now he is employed, at a huge salary, to pen a weekly column for the *Daily Telegraph* in which he ranges far and wide: sometimes he writes about his holidays in Tuscany; at other times he reminds us that he was once employed by the *New Yorker*. If all else fails he will tell us about an article he has read in the *Spectator* — or perhaps *Vanity Fair*, which is edited by his chum Graydon Carter.

Not for much longer, alas. It is rumoured that Max Hastings wants to drop Chancellor, feeling that his amiable blatherings are a waste of space. Before the column passes into oblivion, Hackwatch proudly presents its scintillating highlights.

29 March: "Here we are, on the eve of Italy's historic general election..." Naturally, Chancellor has flown in for this great event. He describes his in-depth research technique: "I spent the election in the country in Tuscany and drove on Saturday to the nearest village to see how things were going. A group of weary-looking men in the bar said they were fed up with politicians but they knew a remarkable amount about the election."

12 April: Back in England, Chancellor searches for something to write about. "In the *Spectator* last week," he informs us, "Paul Johnson was expressing the hope that a new political movement would arise from the ashes of the Conservative party following its inevitable defeat at the next general election." An interesting idea, he feels. He also takes the opportunity to mention "the *New Yorker* magazine in Manhattan, for which I was working last year".

19 April: The roving columnist is off on his travels again: "I spent a day in Bath last week." While there, he noticed several "anti-roads protesters".

10 May: "I suffered a minor disappointment last week when the Italian Radical Party turned down an application from me to be on its list of candidates in the Euro-elections." A pity: "I thought it would be fun." And, of course, it would have given him an excuse for another long sojourn at his Tuscan holiday house.

7 June: A moment of true insight: driving past Stonehenge, Chancellor is "struck by the splendour of the monument".

14 June: In her Dimbleby lecture, Stella Rimington of MI5 referred to "the determined efforts to locate and kill the author Salman Rushdie". Until he heard this, Chancellor had apparently not realised that Rushdie was under threat. "Miss Rimington's message was unambiguous," he notes. "It is a pity only that she was not able to say this earlier for it would have clarified the debate about Mr Rushdie." Meanwhile, we learn that Chancellor attended "a splendid family wedding on Saturday".

28 June: "Buried in the countryside in Tuscany for the past week, I have had to depend for news of Britain on what the Sky News network has chosen to send here by satellite." As if that weren't deprivation enough, Chancellor also grumbles that "the weather has been very hot lately, but the water in the swimming pool has stayed obstinately cold. This makes getting in unpleasant..."

3 July: Chancellor pops up in the *Sunday Telegraph*, delivering an exclusive interview with his old friend Graydon Carter, the "excellent" editor of *Vanity Fair* magazine, who has been visiting London. "We should keep on welcoming this good-natured man," he concludes.

5 July: With another *Daily Telegraph* column due, Chancellor resorts to his usual standby. "When I was editor of the *Spectator*, a magazine of which he was once the film critic, Graham Greene would always come to lunch when visiting London." Fascinating!

19 July: The news that the TV star Roseanne Arnold has been on holiday to Italy prompts Chancellor to offer a holiday reminiscence of his own. "Last month I was travelling to Italy with a friend who presented our tickets to the airport check-in clerk and said in a commanding voice: 'We are journalists. We would like to be upgraded.' To my astonishment, the order was obeyed. The tickets were changed to business class, and we spent a luxurious flight consuming free champagne."

2 August: Just for a change, Chancellor is off to Italy on holiday. "I was on a plane next to a young singing student on her way to music school in Siena," he reports. This is followed by an even more important disclosure: "In Italy I read a magazine interview with Luciano Pavarotti."

9 August: Mo Mowlam's proposals for Buckingham Palace give our columnist a peg for a story from his own eventful career. "I have only been inside Buckingham Palace once," he recalls, "and that was 10 years ago when the Queen kindly asked me to lunch to meet the President of Italy. She has never asked me again, possibly because I got slightly drunk... my memory of the occasion is now dim."

16 August: In a new book, Terry Major-Ball describes his first visit to New York. "I was living in New York at the time," Chancellor informs us, self-importantly, "working at the *New Yorker* magazine."

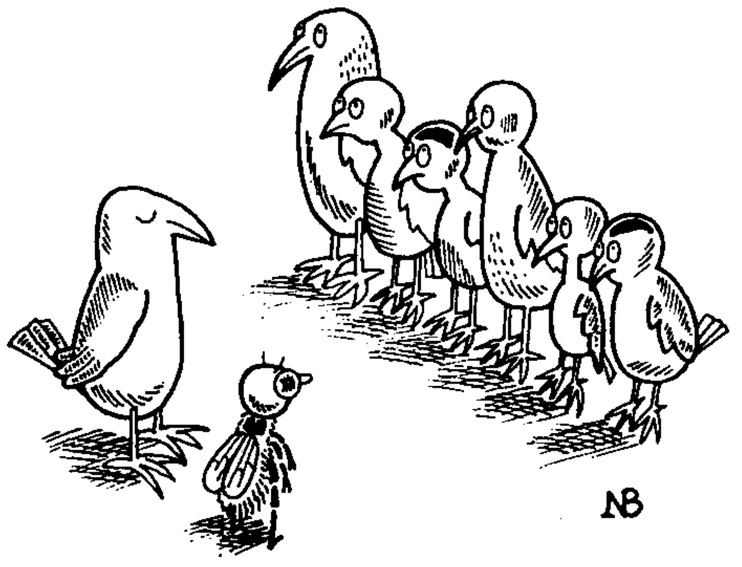
23 August: Hold the front page: "I am on holiday at our farmhouse in Tuscany, one week completed and another one to go. It hasn't rained once, and shows no signs of wishing to... On Sunday, we all went over to visit Lord Lambton at his beautiful villa in Siena." There is only one slight irritation to mar the idyll: "Even in the Italian countryside, we are surrounded by pornography. The shelves of the village tobacconist are full of it."

6 September: "Lord Caithness may be pleased to know that until my return from holiday last week I had completely forgotten about him." Actually, there's no evidence that Lord Caithness cares two hoots whether Alexander Chancellor remembers him or not. Still, it all helps to fill those column inches. To fill a few more, Chancellor mentions that, on his return from Italy, he bought the *Spectator* and found it included an article by his friend Auberon Waugh with which he agreed. "Last week's *Spectator* also contains an article by Sir Charles Powell, Lady Thatcher's former policy adviser," he adds helpfully. Finally, he treats us to his observations in the customs hall at Rome airport, where he saw the following sign: "Here, as in most other important Italian airports, the public payphones are working with credit cards." Why, he wonders, can't the airport authorities get their notices "translated into decent English"?

13 September: The wanderlust is upon him again. "Arriving in New York, I buy the new issue of *Vanity Fair*, which contains a big article about something it calls America's New Establishment." Chancellor seems not to have noticed that one can buy *Vanity Fair* just as easily in London. Meanwhile, he offers *Telegraph* readers some hot news: that "my friend Michael Kinsley, a political columnist and television personality on CNN," has grown a beard. "I can only assume he thought it suited him, which it did."

And, er, that's it.

Pre-School Nursery Facility Rhymes



Who killed Cock Robin?
Who would you like it to be?
said CID.

DOING THE ROUNDS

COLIN RALPH, the £80,000-a-year chief executive of the UK central council for nursing, midwifery and health visiting, has not endeared himself to his members.

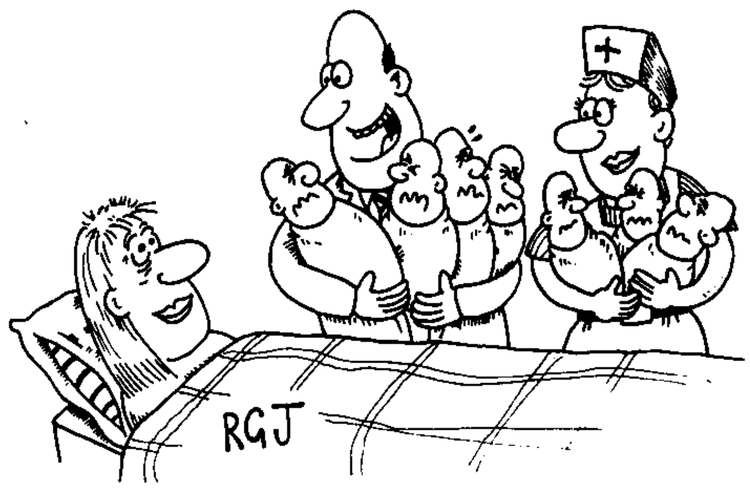
A 13-page document produced by senior staff at the UKCC's London headquarters details "a complete loss of confidence" in Mr Ralph and recommends he be sent on a management education and training course.

Mr Ralph is alleged to have thrown a paperweight across the room when only one of his two secretaries agreed to work late; torn up letters, papers and menus because of a disagreement about margin spacings; presented the acting house manager with a piece of cotton found on the stairs and demanded an explanation; interrupted a staff meeting to ask why staples had been wrongly applied; made staff cry during appraisals and caused them to leave; recruited a close personal friend (Heather Auty) to a senior management post without declaring their friendship to members of the interview panel; given large sums of money to outside consultancies to explore relationships within the UKCC and then amended reports that criticised his management style; and gone on a working trip to South Africa and Canada without informing senior staff.

● CONSULTANTS at **Brighton Healthcare trust** have bid a tearful farewell to chairman John Spiers after a 76-0 vote of no-confidence in his management style.

Earlier this year, Mr Spiers presented himself to the casualty department at the **Royal Sussex county hospital** incognito in a wheelchair and the **Sussex eye hospital** wearing distorting glasses to test out the reception. He later told consultants that some of them were dangerous and that he wouldn't want to travel in the same railway carriage as them. Mr Spiers will continue his post as a government health adviser.

● AT **SHEFFIELD's Royal Hallamshire hospital**, a 77-year-old woman died less than three hours after her emergency admission without



"Congratulations, it's a quango"

receiving treatment. As coroner Christopher Dorries said: "Absolutely nothing happened with this patient other than casual observation from the time of her admission to her death some two hours and 40 minutes later." Pathologist John Clark confirmed that she would have had a substantial chance of surviving if her dehydration had been treated.

● **DEVON** GPs Dr Michael Martin and Dr Nigel Rhys-Davies persuaded 61 families to part with a total of £129,000 to help build a private hospital, **The Woodmilll**, at **Cullompton**. Unfortunately The Woodmill folded shortly after opening and the families are now trying to recover their money.

● ELEVEN Bottomley-appointed board members of health authorities and trusts have been forced to resign after discovering it is illegal for them to serve on two bodies at the same time.

Tom Sackville, Brian Mawhinney and John Bowis all denied the dual appointments existed before Mrs Bottomley finally owned up to "an honest mistake". Moreover, 24.4 percent of trust chairpersons and non-executive board members live outside the district health authority boundaries of their hospital and very few have any health service experience.

● AT **Birmingham Heartlands hospital**, the department of surgery has run out of money just five months into the financial year. Half the beds on ward seven have been closed and physically removed to prevent staff from filling them. A store-cupboard has been converted into a side-room and the pressure on nursing staff is so great that three out of eight are always off sick.

● DR Clive Froggatt, a much loved architect of the government's health reforms, is so enamoured with their success that he has decided to give up general practice to concentrate on Mrs Bottomley. As Dr Froggatt put it: "I started out very young. My son is leaving school so it is a good time to make a career change."

● IN ONE hospital in **East Anglia**, the entire fleet of 16 house officers are German or Dutch. In 1984, **Telford** boasted 150 applicants for its six GP training posts. This year there were six. In 1989 in **Yorkshire**, there were 30 applicants per GP training post. This year there was one. Four schemes had no applicants at all.

M.D.

O·B·N

"I've never seen him [Andrew 'Brillo Pad' Neil] with other than a pretty girl," Irwin Seltzer says. "He has this inexhaustible energy. He works all day and can disco all night and then show up the next morning fresh as a daisy."

Washington Post

What a woman. What an ambassador. What a jewel in our Crown.

BRIAN HITCHEN
on Princess Diana
Sunday Express

Submitted by Khalid Hasan, W.R. Brakes.

£10 paid for all entries put forward for the Order of the Brown Nose.

DOWN ON THE FARM

FOR the last four years or more, increasingly harassed meat traders have suffered a barrage of ministry of agriculture propaganda on the "improvements" to slaughterhouse hygiene required by EC directive 91/497, the effect of which has been to close down more than 200 slaughterhouses, with another 100 projected to go to the wall by the end of the year.

But protests against the fresh meat (hygiene and inspection) regulations 1992 which implement the directive have been swept aside by Maffia officials, who claim they are required to bring in the new rules under the EC "single market" policy.

The regulations themselves refer to the implementation of directive 91/497. The explanatory circular accompanying the regulations — written by Maffia officials — describe the regulations as implementing the directive, and the guidance booklet issued to the meat trade claims the same thing.

Thus, when Nailsea abattoir owner Toby Baker last week sought to contest the rules in a last ditch attempt to stay in business, he took the only option available to him, refusing to pay inspection fees which have so far amounted to £40,000.

This forced the Maffia's surrogate — Woodspring district council, which was responsible for collecting the fees — to take Baker to court to recover the money, paving the way for Baker to request a reference to the European court of justice and a ruling that the charges were illegal.

But last week, when the case was heard in the high court in Bristol before Judge Raymond Jack, Baker and his fellow meat traders were amazed to find that the goalposts had been completely moved.

The central plank of the Maffia argument was that the regulations had not been made under the directive at all, but under the UK food safety act 1990. The new rules owed nothing to the directive and could not be challenged in the European court. His honour Judge Jack is to rule on this argument in two weeks' time.

IT IS not only slaughterhouse owners who are buckling under the growing weight of the imposts from the mad officials. Specialist cheesemakers are increasingly under threat, not least John Savage who makes the widely acclaimed "Teifi" cheese on his farm in Dyfed.

His problem is that under the new arrangements for marketing milk (*Eye* 854) he has seen his allocation for milk slashed from 210,000 litres a year to a mere 107,000 — having requested an allocation of 275,000 litres to meet the growing demand for his product.

Milk Marque, with whom he is trying to do business, has told him he can purchase the extra 168,000 litres he needs, but at an enhanced price — 2.4 pence a litre over the going rate. But even then it cannot guarantee deliveries.

Savage is faced with the prospect of his bank calling in his overdraft and his having to put his farm up for sale. The irony, however, is that the milk he needs comes from a local farm, which he cannot purchase direct, even though he has a willing seller. Such is the insanity of Mr Waldegrave's "free market" in milk, that even when a willing buyer and a willing seller get together, one of them has to go out of business. So much for market forces.

DESPITE the fact that dairy farmers are not allowed to produce all the milk they could readily sell, the chemical giant Monsanto is still pushing ahead with its plans to market its genetically engineered milk booster bovine somatrophin or BST (see *Eye* 841).

But while a decision to license the product by the EC is awaited, its plans should have suffered a terminal setback. The director of the US consumers' association has written to the food and drugs administration which has licensed the product in America, with strong evidence that the experiments "proving" human safety have been based on "flawed research". New findings show that the consumption of the growth hormone, found in milk from treated cows at 350 times naturally occurring levels, can give rise to face deformities and unnatural bone elongation.

With such damning evidence, however, one can almost be assured that the mad officials, in the EC or in this country, will find the product completely safe to use.

'New Muckspreader'

Old Macdonald

ALBERT

BEEN PRODUCING AND SELLING HONEY BEHIND THESE ANCIENT WALLS SINCE FOURTEEN THIRTY TWO GEORGE!
WITHERING MONASTERY
ORDER of St. FETID
BLIMEY!! BIT OF A RISKY BUSINESS ISN'T IT! WHAT IF YOU GET AN UNEXPECTED SWARM?
ONLY EVER BEEN ONE RECORDED CASE
INLAND REVENUE FOUND OUT ABOUT US LAST TUESDAY!
OFFICE

ROTTEN BOROUGHS

WESTMINSTER

A *SOUPCON* of doubt has now been added to super chef Albert Roux's recipe for making a lot of money — his controversial scheme to develop new luxury serviced flats in a Mayfair conservation area.

The last *Eye* revealed how Roux had won approval from Westminster council after hiring one of the council's planning chairman, Martin Jiggens, as his chartered surveyor. When permission was first given for Roux's scheme — in the face of opposition from council planning officers — Jiggens insisted he had done no "improper lobbying". But he reckoned without the candour of some of his Conservative colleagues.

Coun Frances Blois announced that she *was* lobbied by Jiggens although, naturally, this had no effect on her decision in favour of his client. And Coun Harvey Marshall, who also voted for the scheme, has confessed that Jiggens "did talk to me and it is against local government (ombudsman) guidelines to do so."

Now Westminster's long-suffering officers have scuppered the scheme by insisting it be referred back to the planning committee again "to remove any doubt that this application is in any way inappropriately favoured". What a suggestion!

IT WAS a great moment for Matthew Ives, former solicitor to Lady Porter's Westminster council, when district auditor John Magill told him last year that "on the information presently available" he was not to be held responsible for the homes-for-votes scam for which Porter and others face huge surcharges.

Ives is now director of professional conduct at the Institute of Chartered Accountants of England and Wales — not a post that blends easily with proceedings over surcharges for professional misconduct. Now to his horror, however, Mr Ives hears that Mr Magill may be having second thoughts.

The auditor has been studying reports of a "working lunch" in August 1987 which show in great detail the targets for "new electors" required in each ward to secure a Tory majority in the 1990 council elections. One paper was inscribed by Mr Ives with the message: "This paper should not have been produced by a (council) officer. Much more subtle approach required. The paper shows officers working for a Tory victory."

Mr Ives was summoned for another interview with Mr Magill in June. It was those words "much more subtle approach required" which worried him.

BUCKINGHAMSHIRE

STRANGE goings-on in the backwaters of Buckinghamshire, where the county council has decided to build a by-pass around the charming village of Olney, near Milton Keynes.

Two options have been outlined to bemused locals: a so-called "red" route to the west of Olney, close to the village of Weston Underwood; and a "blue" route which would cut through the riverside splendour by the Great Ouse. (An option banning vehicles of a certain weight from villages is not on offer, natch).

After a big public consultation exercise more than a thousand questionnaires have been returned, and 90 percent favour a by-pass. More than half want the red route, and only a quarter want blue. The Council for the Protection of Rural England also favours the red route, as does Milton Keynes council; while Olney parish council is 9-1 in favour of red, saying that if Bucks fails to choose this option the parish will oppose the by-pass.

Odd, then, that Tory-run Buckinghamshire has picked the *blue* route. Happily, its choice has nothing to do with the fact that Weston Underwood's most famous resident is Tory peer and former Lords chief whip Lord Denham — Lord Denham of Weston Underwood, no less. And nor is it linked to the fact that the chairman of the council's by-pass panel, Coun J.C. Gates, lives west of Olney, as does Shirley Marler, the unsuccessful Tory candidate in the last county council elections. Blue is simply better.

COLCHESTER

INHABITANTS of the sleepy village of Great Horkesley in the posh bit of Essex are unhappy with their local Tory councillor, Peter Crafford, who is not supporting their bid to block a six-lane interchange on the nearby A12.

Colchester council wants the junction to link a new 280-acre business park with the trunk road system, even though the borough already has 28 barely-used business parks. Chartered surveyor Crafford, Great Horkesley's sole councillor, is proudly pushing for the road while also admitting a pecuniary interest — one of his clients, the firm Cants Roses, stands to benefit from the new junction.

Villagers were not impressed when Crafford wrote to everyone in Great Horkesley claiming their opposition to the junction had come too late. In fact the villagers only found out about the junction last February (the council's 1990 plan had mentioned it under the name of a different parish), while Crafford admits that he knew about the scheme before being elected two years ago and had assumed that "everyone knew".

LAMBETH

MORE mayhem is promised in Lambeth with the departure in December of chief executive Henry Gilby.

Gilby was originally offered the job on a six-month contract but turned this down and said it was 18 months or nothing. He got an 18-month contract.

The biggest obstacle in choosing a replacement will be finding someone acceptable to all three parties that make up the now hung council. To help select a successor the council has decided to employ the recruitment services of Price Waterhouse, which do not of course come cheap.

Adverts for the post have caused hysterical laughter at the town hall. They stress that he job is the "ultimate challenge" and "the toughest job in local government" — although out-of-hours social workers or road sweepers in Lambeth may beg to differ.

As Price Waterhouse says, the replacement for the Buddhist Gilby must be a "charismatic leader". Confidentiality is stressed throughout the recruitment process — so watch this space.

"And here, Mr Jones, instead of 'I was made redundant because the boss is a wanker', how about 'I took the opportunity to seek fresh challenges' "

ENFIELD

AFTER 26 years of hands-off Tory rule, Enfield council's new Labour leaders quickly learnt that officers had become a law unto themselves — to the detriment of chargepayers.

Labour's biggest headache is the redundancy deal which property services director Maralyn Hands struck for her recently departed deputy, Andrew McLelland. Council treasury officials smelled a rat when they received a request to write a cheque for £100,000 as part of McLelland's £138,000 golden handshake. Labour is now trying to find a legal way to block this huge loss to the public purse.

BRUSSELS SPROUTS

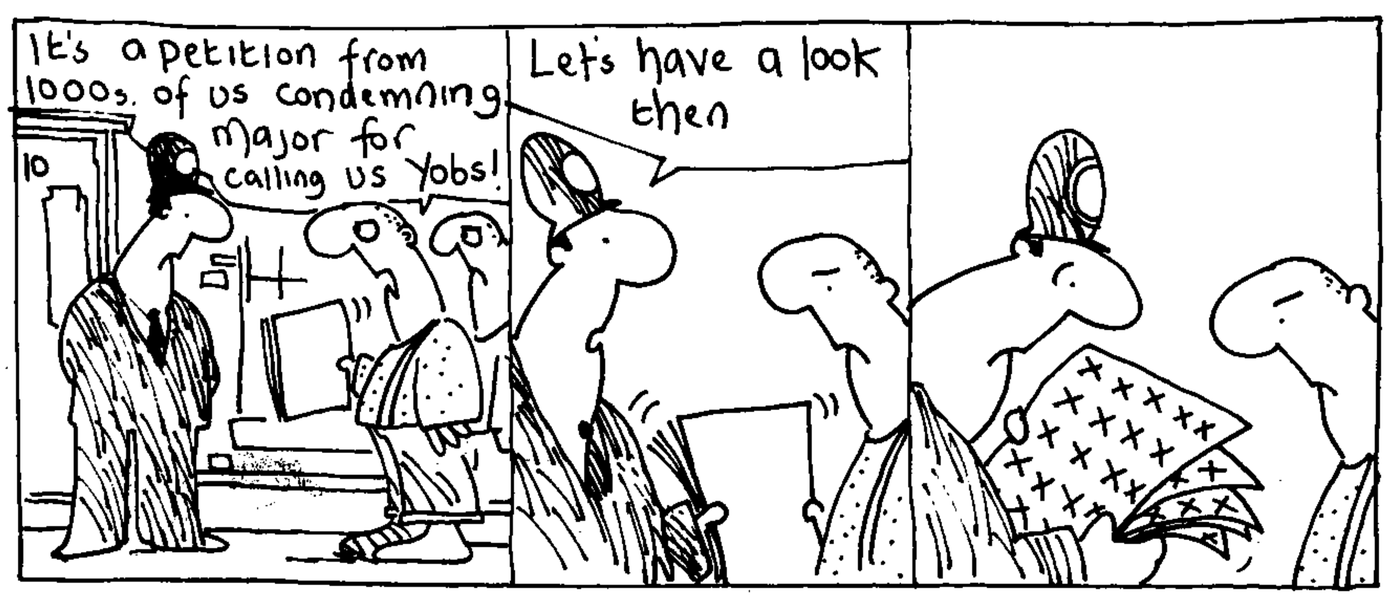
AS Neil Kinnock prepares to become one of the 17 most powerful people in the world — a European commissioner — the foreign office (FO) is trying desperately to get its placemen into his Brussels cabinet.

The FO is worried that those loyal to the commission and the Whitehall establishment might be edged out by Kinnockites tempted by the tenets of democratic socialism. So it wants to be able to control the former member for Islwyn by putting people in his team whose future careers depend on the bureaucracy — not on Labour party connections.

For example, no one in the FO wants the sort of cabinet that Stanley Clinton Davis had when he was a commissioner. It included sparky people like Graham Meadows and Jim Murphy, who made the commissionership of the former Hackney mayor a much more memorable affair than anyone dreamt it would be. Nor would the FO be keen on people like the independent-minded Belinda Pyke, the former trade union official who is doing a power of good for the commissioner Bruce Millan.

No, the FO favours chaps like Jim Currie, the FO man who applied unsuccessfully to work for the Labour stalwart Millan before becoming *chef de cabinet* of Sir Leon Brittan. The whisper in Brussels, however, is that Kinnock is making up his own mind, thank you very much.

HUSBAND



Letters

Serious offence

Sir,

Despite the fact that many might then have alleged "cover-up", it might not have been cost-effective for the SFO to launch such a massive investigation into BBC1. However, just because the Americans found Imran Imam valuable to recover assets for the benefit of the US (not the UK) does not mean that the UK should sacrifice a criminal "scalp" which is the SFO's raison d'etre.

Judge Pownall's comments about Imam's role in deceiving them may have been welcomed by Price Waterhouse, but are hardly likely to influence a high court judge trying the civil action against them. I also find it implausible that PW partner and then SFO assistant director Mark Ballamy influenced the way that the SFO conducted that case: within my observations reviewing fraud prosecutions for the royal commission, neither he nor the investigation team breached the social and physical "Chinese Wall" between them.

By the EYE*'s logic, Stoy Hayward and Coopers partners should be queuing up to get seconded to the SFO, so that they could get an assist in their civil actions over Polly Peck (and others) and Maxwell: wonder why they aren't? There are enough issues in the handling of serious fraud to discuss and criticise without the crass innuendo that could be avoided only if the SFO neither hired nor took anyone on secondment from major firms: in which case, the* EYE *would doubtless complain about their isolation from mainstream practice!*

Yours sincerely,
DR MICHAEL LEVI,
Professor of Criminology, University of Wales College of Cardiff.

Lookalike

Hardy

Ackroyd

Sir,

Is it just me, or is there more than a passing resemblance between the late Oliver "Another Fine Mess" Hardy and Peter Ackroyd, the larger-than-life novelist, biographer and bad-behaver?

Could they be related — or are we talking reincarnation, and maybe even a subject for Mr Ackroyd's next book?

Yours sincerely,
ANDREW NICKOLDS,
Cambridge.

Rugby balls

Sir,

I know you like to get everything right about Sky, so a few small points.

First, the BBC and Sky did no "deal" over rugby or cricket. We knew nothing of each other's bids. The splitting of rights was managed entirely by the respective rights owners. If ITV had beaten the BBC for the five nations rugby, they too would have had to accept Sky covering club rugby.

Secondly, Sky offered Channel Four the chance to keep Oprah on-air twice a week just as till now, but Channel Four violently rejected the offer. I have no doubt another terrestrial broadcaster will step into their shoes, so terrestrial viewers will be in no way deprived, while Oprah fans will now be able to see all her shows on Sky One. If Channel Four prefer to play politics, rather than serve their viewers, more fool them.

Thirdly, dish sales are extremely healthy: just under a million in each of the last 3 years, and well on course to match that figure this year. And although Sky One's share of viewing has declined (not surprising when so many new channels joined the Sky package last September), satellite channels' combined audience share among the 11 million satellite viewers is rising inexorably: 33 percent currently, compared with 1993's average of 30 percent.

As Mark Twain said...

Yours faithfully,
DAVID ELSTEIN,
Head of Programming, BSkyB, Isleworth, Middx.

Animal crackers

Sir,

Sara Starkey's bleat (9 September) against the RSPCA "Freedom Food" labelling scheme is typical of those who would rather make no progress than slow progress. The "Freedom Food" scheme is a first practical step towards a better life for Britain's 750 million farm animals.

One of the typical dilemmas faced by those seeking to move away from the intensive farming practices is that hens in free range or colony systems are beak-tipped far more often than hens in the battery systems. Mass cannibalism is a serious problem with the current aggressive strains of laying hens if the hook at the very end of the upper beak is not removed.

So, if she wants to be more sure of buying eggs from hens which have not been beak-tipped, she should buy battery eggs! However the RSPCA, based on good veterinary and animal behavioural evidence, considers the battery system very much the worse option for the welfare of hens.

If life was as simple as Ms Starkey makes out, in this and in other farming dilemmas, doesn't she think the RSPCA might have twigged this by now? Where does she get her eggs from anyway, assuming of course that she agrees that it is acceptable to eat eggs?

The plain fact is that without a sufficiently large supply source, the best welfare system in the world does not offer any genuine extension of choice to the average consumer.

Yours faithfully,
JERRY LLOYD,
Campaigns Director, RSPCA, Horsham, West Sussex.

"Any violence at a sporting event is unacceptable, especially at a boxing match."

Daily Telegraph

Vertical reality

Sir,

I should like to draw all readers' attention to the "Bob Horton" graph on page 28 of EYE *854. This is an excellent example of how to influence the unwary reader by dodgy use of statistics.*

What you have done, of course, is to suppress a large part of the vertical axis, thereby giving undue emphasis to the vertical variation. As any skoolboy kno, this is a very deceptive way of presenting data, giving an entirely misleading impression.

A far more realistic impression may be obtained by plotting the entire vertical part of the graph.

We are not told anything about company conditions, or UK economic conditions either, during these years. Neither are we given charts which might compare BP's performance to that of similar companies over the same time span.

Yours faithfully,
TIM STREATER,
Thaxted, Essex.

GRAND TAKI ANAGRAM PRIZE

TENSION is mounting among finalists in the year's most celebrated literary prize — the attempt to come up with the best anagram of Taki Theodoracopulos.

Hundreds of Eye readers have sent in thousands of submissions, some of them not libellous, and the judges have been hard-pressed to draw up the following shortlist.

Many thanks to everyone who responded. The grand winner, and more runners-up, will be revealed in the next issue. Until then, savour the following:

OO! OLD ROUE HACK PAST IT
(Bob Gibson, London NW5)

★

A TOOL OR A COKED-UP SHIT
(Tim Footman, London SW4)

★

HOARD, COPULATE, SKI TOO
(Matthew Campbell, St Anne's College, Oxford)

★

TOO OLD EURO SHITPACKA
(Julian Johnstone, London W4)

★

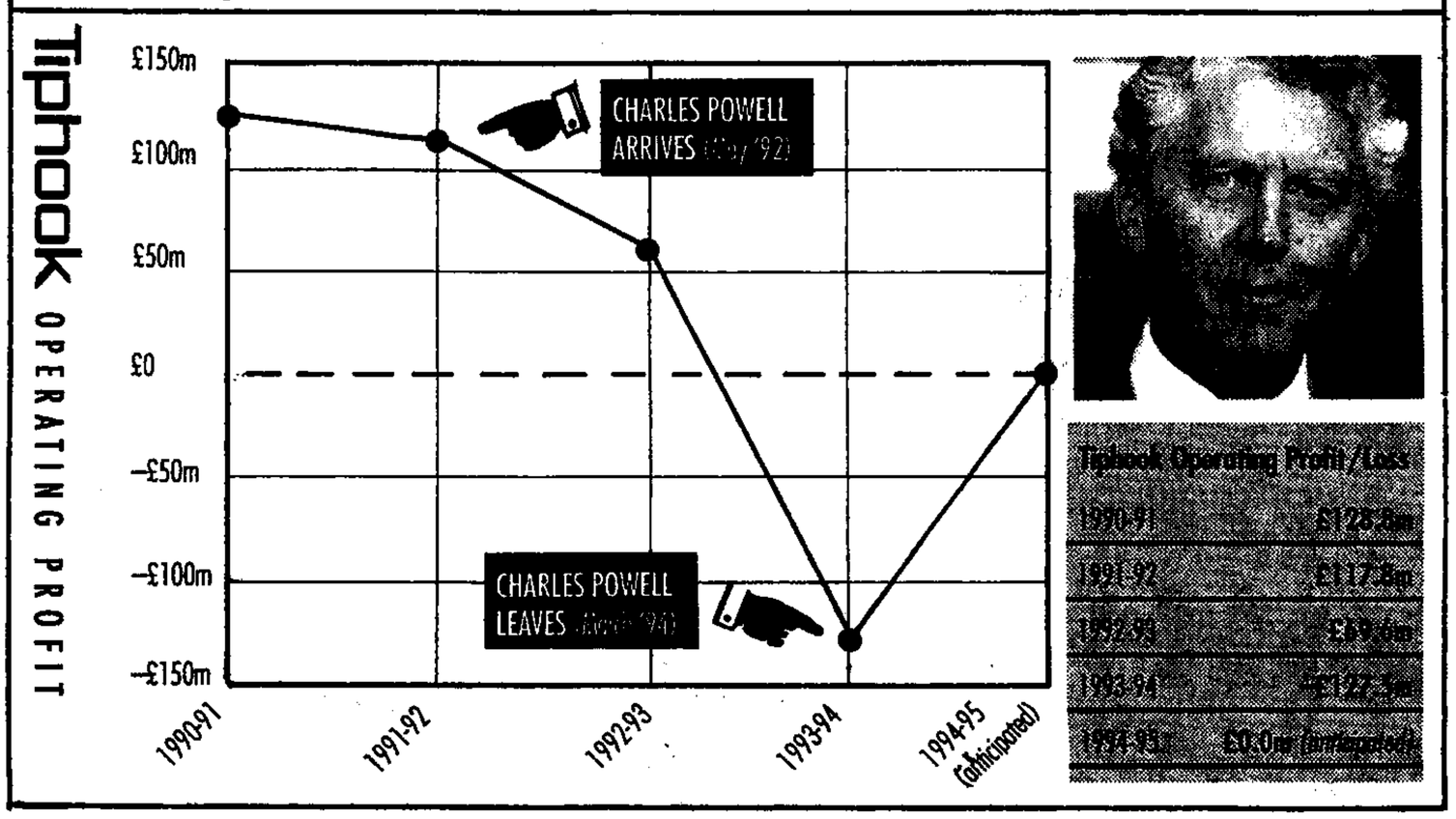
HARD UP, I ALSO TOOT COKE
(Tony Walton, Hove)

★

AS A RICH LOUT, TOOK DOPE
(Phil List, Godington, Oxon)

★

British Management Part 2. CHARLES POWELL, Director Tiphook, formerly Prime Minister's policy adviser



I-SPY

Submitted by Andy Wedderburn. £10 paid for similar submissions. *(SAE required for return of photographs. No transparencies.)*

Healthy option

Sir,

Your correspondent Dr Stephen F. Hayes misses the point in the last line of his letter when he talks of a health service that people are willing to pay for.

Many of us have been contributing for years as taxpayers to the health service that we want and remember with such affection. We are quite happy to do so. Furthermore, I suspect that most of us would not object to an extra 2p on income tax if it genuinely went to the health service.

His statement that taxpayers have the power to fund the health service but "continue to refuse to do so" is presumptuous. Has anybody ever asked us or given us the opportunity to do so?

Yours sincerely,
PAUL UNDERWOOD,
Pinner, Middx.

A small point

Sir,

Merely from my initials, how does Ms Shornvin know I'm male (EYE *854), let alone, along with other compensatory classicists, "wee" and "insecure"? And why is it that whenever PC females get into a j'accusative mood, the biggest slur they can pass on a man is that he should be under-sized? I thought size-blindness loomed large in political correctness?*

At least some of the reason for adding "In memoriam ad nauseam" to the end of my letter was to remind [readers?] that I once inspired a plagiarism competition in Gnome's hallowed organ, and was one of the very few readers not to have an entry in it. Perhaps this makes me classically immature in terms of standard Spare Rib psychology, but at least I check my facts, Erica. For in my first-year psychiatry lectures I was taught that "coprolalia" is Greek for mouthing shit, not writing it.

Yours, 5'10⅛", car-less but relatively happy,
K.R. HARRISON,
Liverpool.

Grown boys

Sir,

I note that in Erika Shornvin's Latin's-a-feminist-issue letter (EYE *854) the cultural oppressors go from being males to wee men to boys.*

A case of penial reductionism or what?

Palmam Qui Meruit, Ferat
(If you have it, flaunt it),
VERNON D. SKAUN,
Bidston, Cheshire.

PS: Many wimmin I know are fond of quoting Sappho in the original. Explain that one away, Madam.

Animal wrongs

Sir,

I see from issue 853 of the EYE, *the "wicked" Dr Vernon Coleman (he of animal rights fame) is again being slated by your wonderful selves, whilst championing the enchanting Prof. Blackmore (he of "stitching baby hamsters' eyelids together" fame)!*

MR K. ATKINSON,
Malvern, Worcs.

No Winner situation

Sir,

I do think you are mean to be consistently beastly towards poor Michael Winner.

Don't you realise that his becoming a restaurant critic has been an immense boon for regular diners-out? Nowadays, we can go to restaurants that he has just reviewed in the safe knowledge that he will be somewhere else.

Yours sincerely,
JONATHAN FRYER,
London E11.

Colemanballs

£10 paid for contributions

"I wonder if the Germans have a word for 'Blitzkrieg' in their language?"
FREW McMILLAN, Sky2
(Rupert F. Flin)

"The IRA have been isolated in the eyes of the world and many other people."
JOHN MAJOR, Radio 4
(Robin Yellow)

"And for the rest of Europe this weekend, a lot of cloud around in the form of cloud..."
SUZANNE CHARLTON, BBC1
(Andrew Bond)

"I'm a bit of a technophobe — I love technology."
STEVE ALLEN, LBC
(M.L. Allsop)

Rolf Harris *(of a dog): He's jumping around like a two-year-old. How old is he?*
Man: *"... Two..."*
BBC1
(Sarah Reynolds)

HOM SAP

BY DAVID AUSTIN

Letter from
Thailand

from Our Own Correspondent

THE generals who dominate Thai politics long for a return of the CIA-style regime they ran after their 1991 coup, but squadron leader Prasong Soonsiri, our foreign minister, prefers the J. Edgar Hoover method: make sure you have as much dirt on your enemies as they have on you.

We were reminded of this in the recent parliamentary debate when the tottering coalition of prime minister Chuan Leekpai faced four separate no-confidence motions against leading ministers.

Three in particular, including Prasong, were in deep trouble: over the government's apparent capitulation to Cambodia's murderous Khmer Rouge; and, in the case of interior minister Chavalit Yongchaiyudh, over lack of progress in dealing with a run of police scandals and allegations of long-term business links with the seedy end of our "entertainment" industries.

Transport minister Winai Sompong was also under ferocious attack over the granting of contracts for a series of transportation and environmental disasters in Bangkok, where pollution is already so bad that nearly 60 percent of Bangkok's traffic policemen have serious lung and heart trouble within five years of starting work.

During the no-confidence votes the government was so worried about its survival it even brought in, by ambulance, an MP in the advanced stages of labour. But there was no need to worry. As the most effective of the opposition spokesmen, Chat Thai party deputy leader Vanata Asavahame, moved in for the kill, Prasong countered with allegations that Vanata had been involved in drug trafficking for more than 20 years.

He then produced a document from the US ambassador to Thailand as evidence that Vanata's visa for entry to the US had been revoked because of the allegations. Fuming, Vanata took off his shoes and tried to throw them at Prasong. He is now launching court actions for defamation against Prasong, Bill Clinton and the US ambassador David Lambertson.

In the ensuing chaos the government slipped its head out of the noose and lived to fight another day. When it comes to the crunch, too many of our opposition parliamentarians value their own cosy American business relationships and US visas to risk siding with Vanata.

The ever-controversial interior minister Chavalit, though one of the two main targets, slipped almost completely through the net during the no-confidence debate. Feeling invincible, three days later he then pushed through our "police council" the appointment of police general Poj Bunchayinda as our next national chief from the end of September, despite Poj's rumoured activities as the deputy chief in charge of administration and public relations, and his lack of high level experience in crime-busting. In a burst of honesty, Chavalit said he steamrollered the appointment through because he knew the next police council would have rejected Poj!

The move backfired, however. The prosecutor's office has now issued a warrant for Poj's arrest for profiteering in an alleged $2 million fraud over equipment purchases. (His role in the planned sale of Thai-style riot batons to your own controversial "interior minister" Michael Howard is still under investigation here, so watch this space.) And a warrant has also been issued for the arrest of another Chavalit protégé, former police director-general Gen. Saswadi Wattanawarangkul, for complicity in the disappearance from police custody of jewellery worth more than $25 million. It had been stolen from a Saudi royal by a Thai servant in 1989 and was recovered from a Bangkok jeweller.

All this would appeal to our famous Thai sense of humour but for two things.

First, the wife and teenage son of the jeweller, the key witness against the police in the scam, were brutally murdered on 29 July.

Second, one of the claimed justifications for the 1991 coup was to stop the "prevailing slander of the security forces by the opposition and the press" — which can be roughly translated as reporting the regular appearance of the Saudi prince's jewels adorning the wives of leading military and police generals at smart Bangkok parties.

FUNNY OLD WORLD

"Put it this way," prosecuting counsel told Richmond Magistrates Court. "If Jonathan Meades had been reviewing Arthur's Bistro that evening, the place would have been out of business within a week."

Wheelchair-bound pensioner Peter Grier, 78, of Twickenham, was accused of indecent exposure, threatening behaviour, being drunk and disorderly, and assaulting a policeman after an incident at the bistro in twickenham Green. The prosecution continued: "Wheeling his way to the bistro, which he alleged was conspiring against him, Grier exposed his penis to members of the staff, causing a waitress to flee in some distress. He then removed his colostomy bag, which was full to overflowing, and hurled it at the window, smearing the glass and spreading its contents over several tables and chairs, while shouting: 'This used to be a public karzee' at bemused diners, until he was arrested.

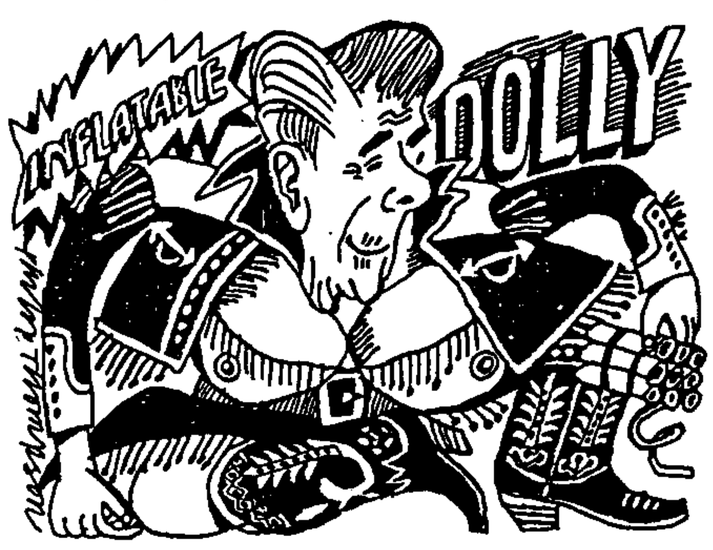
"It is true that the restaurant is a converted public toilet, and Mr Grier has been waging a one-man campaign against the building's change of purpose. He was banned from the premises after an unsavoury incident in January involving a saveloy, but, on 24 March, he went berserk with his colostomy bag after spending all day on the Green, sitting in his wheelchair and drinking a mixture of creme de menthe and a medicine known as 'Night Nurse'."

The court later heard that Grier had a history of colostomy terrorism, including incidents outside an off-licence and an estate agents earlier in the year. At this point, Grier interrupted with shouts of "I can take my drink, I was in the Navy" and, after being cautioned by magistrates, was wheeled out by an usher. *(Richmond & Twickenham Times, 1/7/94. Spotter — Anthony Prendergast)*

— o —

"It was the worst day of my life," Lonnie Hensley told a jury in Charleston, West Virginia. "One minute we were joking how she'd be better than Dolly Parton. Next I was covered in blood and standing with nothing but the waistband of my pants on."

Lonnie was giving evidence at the trial of Denny Ray Gullett, who was accused of murder-



ing his business partner, Masel Hensley, in order to collect $250,000 life insurance. "Denny called me into his office and asked me to give a box to Masel. He said it was 'an inflatable doll with Dolly Parton's body and Ronald Reagan's head' and promised Masel would 'get a real bang out of it'. I took it to Masel, who was a big Dolly Parton fan, and we thought we'd fuck it there and then. The instructions on the box told us to hook the wires up to a car battery so it could inflate, and we were joking about who'd go first while he fixed it to his pick-up truck. Then everything just blowed up."

A forensic expert later testified that the box had not contained an inflatable sex doll. It had, in fact, contained six sticks of dynamite powerful enough to crack the foundations of a nearby house and rip the clothes from both men, depositing the remnants on power lines overhead. Masel was killed outright by the explosion, Lonnie had his testicles blown off and was later found wandering the streets singing 'Stand By Your Man' in a daze. He now walks with a limp. Gullett's defence — that the gift wrapping department of his local store had "obviously screwed up and given me the wrong package" — was not accepted by the jury. *(New Haven Register, 14/7/94. Spotter — Miss T. Murphy)*

— o —

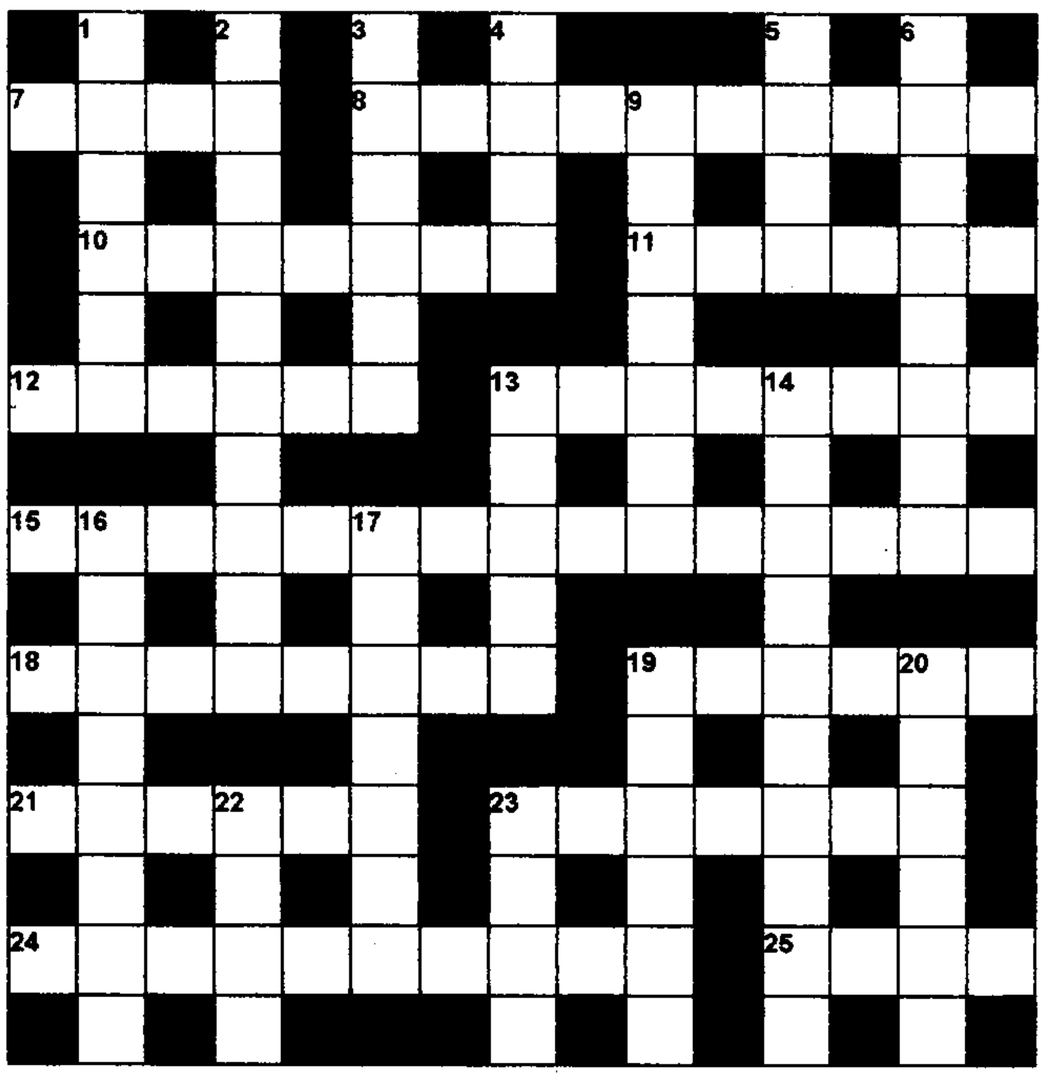
"I am a Russian lady now for visit to Bangkok three weeks. But I not for coming odalisque or twirling trull. Also I not use phone for meeting short friend for money. But I am liking very much idea of inferior Minister Chavalit saying to keep all open until 3.00am. Darling idea and darling man. I think he faithful in his resting holes, and not such a man of anxious glands. God bless him and never to heal up his cracks." (Letter to the Editor from Miss Olga Pushanov, in response to attempts by Thailand's Interior Minister, Chavalit Yongchaiyudh, to keep bars in Bangkok's red light district open until 3a.m.) (The Nation, 28/6/94. Spotter — Ron Endley)

Compiled by

Victor Lewis-Smith

EYE CROSSWORD 11 by Cyclops

£100 Winner J. SCATTERGOOD



ACROSS

7 Smart move, kicking out one, Maggie Thatcher! (3,1)
8 Brenda's crafty perk (5,5)
10 (see 13)
11 Untidy programming shocks Mary Whitehouse brigade on TV (6)
12 Whores hold nothing against terrorists (6)
13/10 Lord's spectator you dread calling at your door? (8,7)
15 Low-down on rip-off gets Dirty Digger's rag (4,2,3,6)
18 Clint's opposite who made 'punk' fashionable? (8)
19 Semi-official body led by 60s designer getting end away with vigour (6)
21 First round failure almost feisty? F-off! (6)
23 "Rachel's screwed up" snapped Royal (7)
24 Impressionist, one taking off Sir to a 't' and Maggie wearing her economics hat (10)
25 An organisation to help you on your way is no longer the thing (4)

DOWN

1 Guinness stir — Ernest has no retreat (6)
2 Jiggling Evita's tits — journey to foreign parts for John Major? (5,5)
3 Info for those who defend, for instance, bikini bottoms (6)
4 Sounds like our mag's for pros (4)
5 Ring up to get shagged (4)
6 The intercourse tends to be bland in this hackneyed TV format (4,4)
9 Hack's boozing sessions mean Chunnel's mis-spelled (no 'n') (7)
13 Abroad, I experienced religious warfare (5)
14 Palace reveals Di's left in a tizz (no date) (10)
16 Change of political bias in voting gives you hard-on (8)
17 Tourists can expect hold-ups here — dial for re-routing (7)
19 Watch Liz's butt after a couple of pints (6)
20 Leave piss-poor line of work for Pratt-Dumpster (6)
22 Over-fifty compensation grope (4)
23 Contraceptive wind-up? (4)

£100 prize to first correct solution opened on 28.9.94. Send entries to "Crossword", Private Eye, 6 Carlisle Street, London W1V 5RG.

Solution to Crossword No. 10

ACROSS: 7 Recidivist 9 (see 12) 10/16 Nooks And Corners 11 Manure 12/9 Gallup Poll 13 Oil Slick 14 (see 20) 16 (see 10) 20/14 Patients Charter 23 Detest 25 Anorak 26 Delegate 27 Visa 28 Downmarket.

DOWN: 1 Cenotaph 2 Nickel 3 Big Apple 4 Windsor 5 Open Plan 6 Cleric 8/24 Tamil Tigers 15 Railroad 17 Old Flame 18 Rosettes 19 Ashdown 21 Auntie 22 Naked 24 (see 8).

HURD AND MAJOR

(Silly music. Major is sitting at piano playing "When Irish Eyes Are Smiling". Hurd shimmies in with invitation on silver tray)

Hurd: I think you'll find, sir, you would have much more success with your piano playing were you to open the lid.

Major: What ho, Hurd. Ah, a stiffie! *(He grabs invitation from tray)* Who could it be from?

Hurd: I think if sir were to open it he would be provided with the necessary information as to the identity of the sender.

Major: Bally right again, Hurd! Must be all that fish you eat in the FO canteen!

Hurd: Possibly, sir.

Major *(tearing open envelope and reading)*: It's from some cove called Lord Archer! I wonder if he's related to my friend Oofy Archer who writes those dashed good books?

Hurd: I think you will find he is one and the same, sir. You will remember that you yourself elevated him to the peerage.

Major: Listen to this, Hurd... *(Reads aloud)* "Jeff 'n' Mary invite you, ie me, to Shepherds Pie and Fizz at the Tory Conference. Blue Tie compulsory!" Should be a jolly good binge, what?

Hurd: I dare say, sir, but I would venture to suggest that however jolly the festivities may turn out it would be inadvisable for you to attend. *(Begins to iron Major's straitjacket)*

Major: You old killjoy! Why?

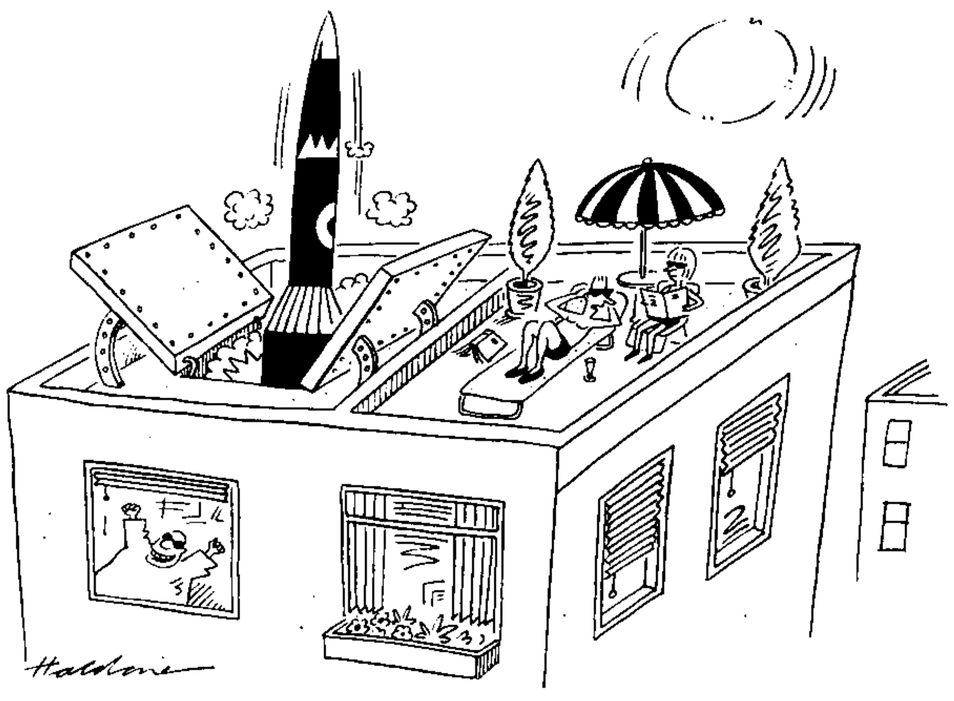
Hurd: Well, sir, I am afraid your erstwhile friend has somewhat blotted his copy book; let the side down; put up a black mark.

Major: You don't say, Hurd! Oofy in some fishy business involving making a load of money in the City by reading his wife's fax? That doesn't sound like him *(pause)* or rather it does. *(Tears up card)*

Hurd: A commendable decision in the circumstances, sir, and I have taken the liberty of accepting an invitation from Mr Hanley instead on the night in question.

Major: What? Old Brain-Dead Hanley from the Drones? Jolly good! Carry on, Hurd.

(Major starts singing "Cock-ups and Mussels, Alive Alive Oh", whilst accompanying himself on the banjo. Silly Music. Credits)



"Apparently the bloke next door is an old Bond villain"

The Mail 65p
ON SUNDAY

BLAIR 'WAS MEMBER OF LABOUR PARTY' — SHOCK REVELATION

by Our Smear Staff **C.N. Dee**

TONY BLAIR, the so-called darling of the chattering classes, was once a member of the extremist political group known as the Labour Party, we can reveal.

Records of the sixth form Debating Society at the Scottish public school McCakes Academy, reveal that the young Tony Blair once moved a motion "This house has no confidence in the Conservative Government".

Though not conclusive proof of his membership, this clearly links Blair with the hard-line, Ban the Bomb, TUC-loving Stalinist Bully-boys, lesbian mothers, flying pickets, you get the picture (continued page 94).

ON OTHER PAGES

Has the Blair Balloon Burst?
(No, Ed. But worth a try.)

HAITI CRISIS

PADDY SPELLS IT OUT

by Our Man Watching The LibDem Conference On The Telly At Home **Lunchtime O'Noitsdemlibsagain**

MR Paddy Ashdown today got a thundering round of applause from the assembled Liberal Democrats (Sid & Doris Kennedy) as he spelt out his conditions for a possible pact with another party in the forthcoming election.

"We are ready to do business," he said, "but we will only do business on the following terms."

WHO PADDY WILL DO BUSINESS WITH

1. The party that is in power at the time.

2. The party about to be in power if different from the above.

3. Er...

4. That's it.

TV HIGHLIGHTS

Last Night of the Prods

■ Many think this grand old British institution has had its day — the chanting, foot-stamping crowds waving Union Jacks, the well-worn old patriotic songs, the drums and penny whistles, the men in fancy costumes with their bowler hats and orange sashes being more British than the British.

But the last night of the Prods goes on and on, as much a part of the British way of life as a tandoori and lager.

Programme in Full

Land of Pope and Tory
Soloist **Dame I. Paisley**

Home Rule Britannia
Soloist **I. Paisley**

Londonderry Air (arr. behind closed doors by P. Mayhew)
Duet **J. Major** & **A. Reynolds**

God Save the Queen

(Broadcast on 94UVF)

SPONSORED BY HM GOVERNMENT

Great Bores Of Today.

"... you go up in the evening or the early morning I had always wanted to do it but you know you never get round to it and it's just the most wonderful way to travel the speed is just right you drift along in total silence except when they turn the gas on and it makes a whoosh noise you have to wear a hat in case your hair burns we went over this farm and you could see all the pigs running around you could even hear the farmer shouting it was amazing we did a bit of tree-hopping which was fantastic we were so close I could almost touch the birds our pilot was really good he used to be in insurance and he'd taken voluntary redundancy and never regretted it he's got three balloons now I thought I might be airsick but I didn't feel a thing I was standing next to another man who'd done it on safari in Kenya and it's even better there apparently you see all the wild animals in their natural state that must be amazing I'm going to save up for that we had to land in this farm and the farmer was really unpleasant about it it rather spoilt things it was a present for my birthday from my family although it wasn't on my birthday because it was too windy that day and the next weekend it was raining..."

TV LOWLIGHTS

10.45pm BBC2

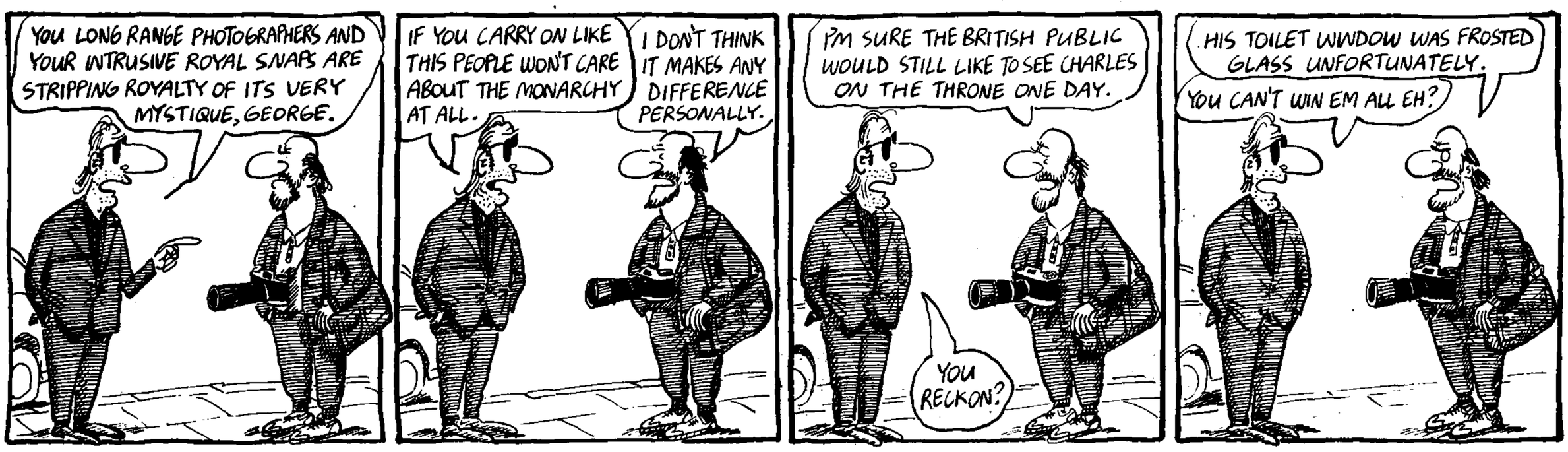
The Moral Bores

TONIGHT the panel addresses the conundrum "Why on earth would anyone put these people on television?" with Edward Beard from the *Guardian*, Janet Daley-Telegraph, David Stark-Raver and another man with glasses (possibly a don). Hosted by Michael Berk of 999 fame.

NEXT WEEK: "Should this programme be taken off?"

Celeb

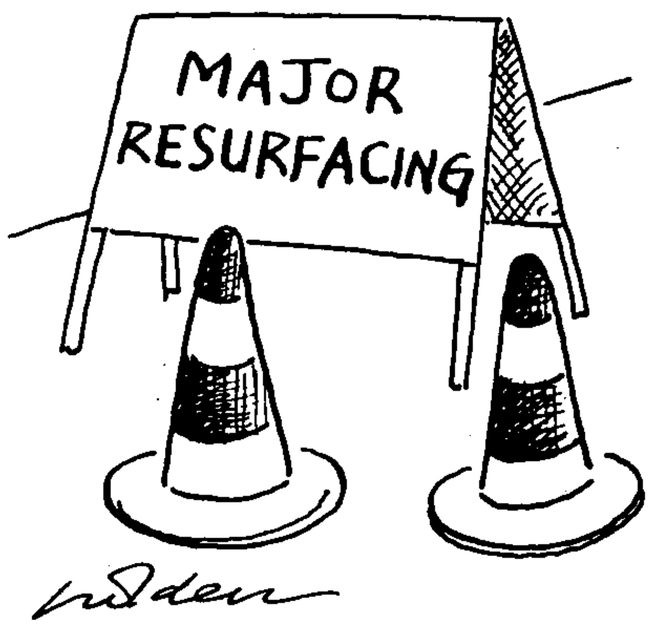
LIGGER


YOU LONG RANGE PHOTOGRAPHERS AND YOUR INTRUSIVE ROYAL SNAPS ARE STRIPPING ROYALTY OF ITS VERY MYSTIQUE, GEORGE.
IF YOU CARRY ON LIKE THIS PEOPLE WON'T CARE ABOUT THE MONARCHY AT ALL.
I DON'T THINK IT MAKES ANY DIFFERENCE PERSONALLY.
I'M SURE THE BRITISH PUBLIC WOULD STILL LIKE TO SEE CHARLES ON THE THRONE ONE DAY.
YOU RECKON?
HIS TOILET WINDOW WAS FROSTED GLASS UNFORTUNATELY.
YOU CAN'T WIN EM ALL EH?

The Secret Diary of John Major aged 47¾

Monday

Today I am in a place called Leyden which is in Holland, although Mr Meyer said it was in the Netherlands. Why am I surrounded by these incompetents? People like Mr Hanley, who cannot even hold the Spectator the right way up when he is pretending to read it. But more of him later. Oh yes. I was in Leyden to make a very historic speech setting out my new vision of Europe. I had to do this because Mr Herr Kohl and his friend Mr Monsieur Mitterrand have been plotting to make a two-track Europe, with some people, i.e. them, going fast in the fast lane, and other people, such as us, going slow in the slow lane. To my mind, this is quite wrong. What we need, as I made quite clear in my historic speech to the Dulverton Conservatives during the Euro-elections, is a multi-speed, multi-layered, multi-track 27-lane superhighway, with everyone free to go at different speeds in different directions, with opt-out flyovers built-in, so that people can exit and re-enter whenever they want. This is the only way forward, or backward, or even sideways, according to which lane you are driving in. "I suppose," said my wife Norman after the speech, "Britain will be on the hard shoulder, broken down, surrounded by your famous cones." Once again, she has got the wrong end of the stick. "You do not have cones on the hard shoulder," I told her, "they are only for use on the highway itself in order to speed up traffic. It is all explained on our Cone Hotline, or there is now a new pamphlet called The Highway Cone, which was written by Mr Waldegrave before he was promoted in my recent reshuffle."



Tuesday

Today I made another historic speech, this time on the problem of crime. I even invented a new phrase, which Norman read out to me from the Daily Mail, i.e. "yob culture", which describes what has gone wrong with Britain in the last 15 years. I said that we were all sick and tired of these yobs, roaming about behaving like yobs, and that something should be done about it. What is needed, I told them, is a new partnership to deal with this problem, between us and the yobs. This would be like our partnership with Mr Adams in Ulster, which has been so successful. I am sure that we shall soon be reading headlines about all the yobs agreeing to a permanent cessation of their yobbish activities.

Just after I had written this I turned on the television and there were lots of people hitting each other with chairs at a boxing match. Fortunately

Mr Hanley came on to say that it was all perfectly all right. The people fighting were just being exuberant and were not really yobs at all. Perhaps Mr Hanley is not so bad after all, as he has obviously drawn a very firm line under this one and we shall not hear of it again.

Wednesday

What an idiot Mr Hanley is! It was a great mistake for him to have accepted the job as party chairman when I offered it to him in the canteen. He has gone on television again to say that he was totally incompetent and that the people fighting were yobs after all. I called him in from the corridor, where he was trying to do the Daily Telegraph quick crossword, and gave him one of my famous rockets, like the one I gave Mr Paisley last week when he told me to get out of my own office (which I did — that showed him who was boss, oh yes). Anyway I asked Mr Hanley what would happen if, every time one of the government said something silly on television, we apologised for it. We'd be on TV all day long and all night, and there'd be no time for us to run the country. He laughed, which was in no way an appropriate response to my very serious point, and then asked me if I wanted his mother's autograph. He said she would do one for Terry as well, as she had really enjoyed his book and would like to meet him one day. Talking of Terry's book, which I never do, I spotted another very serious mistake on page 59. He claims that all the gnomes made by father's garden ornament business had red hats. This is totally untrue. The ones sitting on toadstools, which were a very popular line before the war, had green hats. I know this because I kept one for a long time in my bedroom, as a bookstop for my old Wisdens. I called him Cyril, after my great hero Cyril Washbrook (not to be confused with our pet squirrel Cyril, who Terry also made a mistake about, because he was really called Robert, as I mentioned). If Terry was Mr Hanley he would go on television and apologise for all these mistakes.

Thursday

I am very considerably annoyed with Mr Reynolds, who is the prime minister of Ireland. Though not of all Ireland, oh no. I am the prime minister of some of it. He is saying that I am not moving fast enough in the peace process — i.e. removing all the troops from Ireland and recognising Mr Adams as the potential leader of his people. I will have to explain to him that I believe in a two-track peace process for Ireland. Mr Reynolds may not appreciate that although I am driving in the fast lane, I have to go slowly because I am stuck behind a very large vehicle which will not move, however much I flash my lights. Obviously in Ireland they do not have proper motorways and probably do not even have cones. No wonder Mr Reynolds is so confused.

Friday

Mr Hanley is back in my good books. He has really ticked off Mr Clarke for putting up interest rates. He said that if Mr Clarke did this again, he would have to go. This is the sort of firm, decisive leadership which we have been so lacking in. I bet Mr Blair wishes he had someone like Mr Hanley in his party.

Saturday

The "Hanley effect" is working! This morning he brought in the paper showing that my popularity has shot up to a record 21 percent. I am only 29 points behind Mr Blair now. By my reckoning I am now in the fast lane to victory at the next election, oh yes.

KNACKER — 'I AM ENTIRELY INNOCENT'

By Our Crime Staff **Naomi Campbell**

"IT HAS ruined my life," said an ashen-faced Inspector "Knacker of the Yard" Knacker, after a judge had described him as "a total incompetent who was not fit to run a tap, let alone a serious criminal investigation".

The inspector earlier claimed that he had only been "trapped" into being an idiot by a woman calling herself Barbara Mills, the head of the Crown Prosecution Service.

Trouble at Mills

"She led me on, taunting me," he said. "She wrote me a whole series of letters saying that if I really liked her, I would get the suspect to confess.

"She pretended that she liked what I liked, i.e. putting people into cells and beating them up, that sort of thing.

"But it was all a lie. When it came to the crunch, she really wanted to let them off."

LATE NEWS

New suspect arrested in Wimbledon Common case

By Our Psychiatric Profile Staff
Dr Naomi Campbell

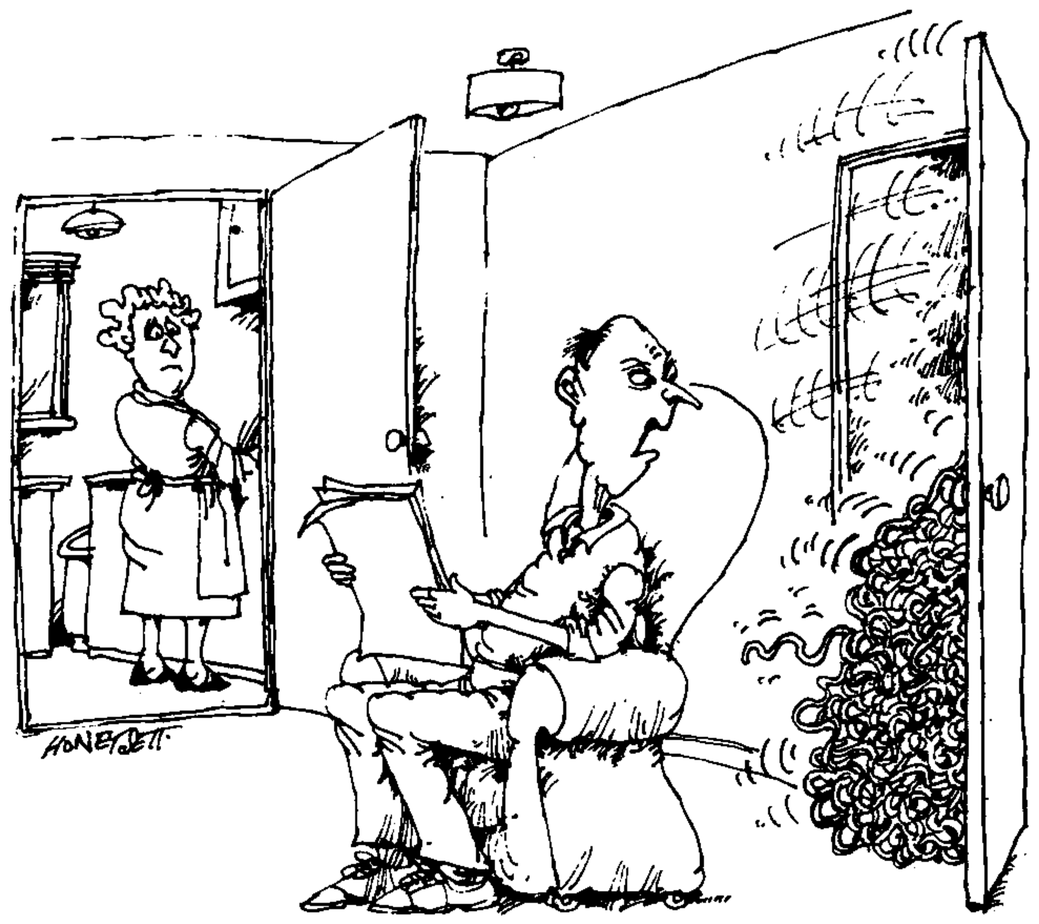
POLICE last night arrested a new suspect on the evidence of a psychological profile provided by Professor Alfonso Nutter, director of the Institute of Criminal Psychological Profilology.

After studying the film *Silence of the Lambs*, Prof. Nutter produced a profile that exactly matched that of the suspect.

This showed that the guilty man would be "a loner, very odd in appearance and behaviour, living in a fantasy world, unable to relate to normal human beings and living on or around Wimbledon Common."

"There was also a distinct possibility," said the professor, "that he would be found dancing and singing 'The Wombles of WImbledon Common are we'."

Mr Womble, 74, has been remanded in custody.



"Someone's left the cap off the toothpaste again"

NEW IN THE EYE
(reprinted from the Daily Telegraph)

VICTORIA CARGS

(daughter of famous columnist Alan Cargs)

ON MY way to school this morning I saw this newspaper placard, right? And it said "Peace At Last". So what?, I thought. Who wants peace? When it comes to Cricklewood, we've got more peace than we can handle.

I was playing my old techno-grunge-garage album at 2 o'clock the other morning (nostalgia or what?) and this old bat came in. And she's my mother, right. She said: "You're disturbing the peace." And I said: "Excuse *me*. You're disturbing my peace, so peace off." Talk about hassle. Forget Bosnia. OK? So I rang up my boyfriend and he agreed that people like my mum were a real pain. They've no idea what our generation thinks about anything.

☐ DO YOU know you can get really great bags in this new shop in Old Compton Street, opposite Clone Zone?

It's called Bags 'R' Us, which is a great name when you think about it.

I bet my Dad could write a whole piece about it in his column in *The Times*.

© *St Paul's Girls' School Magazine*

SUPERMODELS

Neil Kerber

St Coke's

Ecstasy Term begins today. There are 398 boys in prison. Miss Janet Street-Value (Uppers) is Out-of-Head Girl. L.S.D. Trip (Downers) is Keeper of the Pot. Mr Escobar Medellin has been made Head of Chemistry, replacing Mrs Marijuana Frostrup who is on a sabbatical in the Golden Triangle. Raves will be held in the school gymnasium every Friday, beginning at midnight. The orchestra will perform Mussorgsky's Night On A Magic Mushroom in the Frank Zappa Concert Hall on 24 November. The Timothy Leary Lecture will be given by the Marquess of Blandford on 27 November. The school play, *An Inspector Calls*, will take place after a tip-off and will lead to the arrest of the entire Sixth Form. Remands will be on 9 December.

The Alternative Rocky Horror Service Book

No. 94. A Service For The Inauguration Of The Amalgamated Union Of Ecclesiastical, Pastoral And Outreach Operatives (LEMSIP).

Chair: Brothers and sisters, we are gathered together to consider the Amendment 74 to the Composite Resolution in General Synod establishing the right of all religio-cultural workers, i.e. priests, regardless of gender or sexual orientation to freely organise in a trade union to negotiate pay and working conditions with the employers, i.e. C of E plc. All in favour?

Vicars: Aye.

(There shall then be a reading from the Gospel According to St Marx)

"And the chief priests and the Pharisees came unto him, saying 'Abba', which is to say 'Comrade', we are sorely underpaid. What wouldst thou have us do? And Jesus said unto them: 'Verily I say unto you that you should organise yourselves into a collective and threaten to withdraw the fruits of your labour until the high priests shall put something on the table, namely 300 shekels minimum plus benefits.' And they went on their way, rejoicing, crying: 'Caesar, Caesar, Caesar! Out, out, out!' "

Chair: The Lord be with you.

Membership: And with thy Spart.

"So, the chattering classes are at it again"

MAJOR CRACKS DOWN ON 'JOB CULTURE'

by Our Political Staff **Simon Hefferlump, 73**

IN HIS third crackdown of the morning, the Prime Minister has now declared a "war on jobs" *(shurely 'yobs'? Ed).*

Talking to a room full of himself, John Major made it clear that his government was not going to tolerate a climate where "jobs can flourish without restriction or penalty".

"We are sick of jobs," he said. "Jobs are to blame for the terrible state this country is in. Too many jobs means too much growth, too much spending power and rampant inflation, which is the greatest evil of our day. Jobs must go."

The party chairman, Mr Jeremy Hamfist, described Mr Major's speech as "mere exuberance", but later apologised, saying that he agreed entirely with the Prime Minister and that his would be the first job to go in the crackdown.

"And you say he kept beating you?"

TODAY
Radio 4

... and that's all the detail we have here in Ramsgate.

Peter Hobnob: Thank you, Chris. And now we have in the radio car one of the rescue team who actually witnessed these harrowing scenes at first-hand.

Man in car: Hullo, hullo.

Hobgoblin: Could you tell us exactly what it was like to see all those people dying? I mean, it must have been pretty grisly, with people falling forty feet onto concrete. You must have heard some bones being broken. Did you see any blood, for example? I mean, there must have been loads of blood everywhere with a major disaster like that going on...

Man: We answered an emergency call and followed our normal procedures...

Hobghoul: ... yes, yes, but what about the bodies? And the people who fell in the water? They must have been screaming. Could you imitate, perhaps, the sounds of them screaming as they died?

Man: We responded to the emergency call and...

Hobvulture: Thank you. Now, Minister, can I come to you next? As we all know, you're personally responsible for the deaths of these people. If the correct safety procedures had been observed, and that is your responsibility as a Minister, then those people would all still be alive and not screaming in agony as we have just heard so graphically described by myself.

Minister: Er...

James Naughtie: And now Big Jim Thompson, Bishop of Bath and Wells, with his Thought For The Day...

Bishop: We've all been very distressed to hear Peter's harrowing interview about this dreadful disaster, which was all the fault of the government, as we have just heard the Minister admit from his own lips. But, you know, in a very real sense...

(Continued 94 KHz)

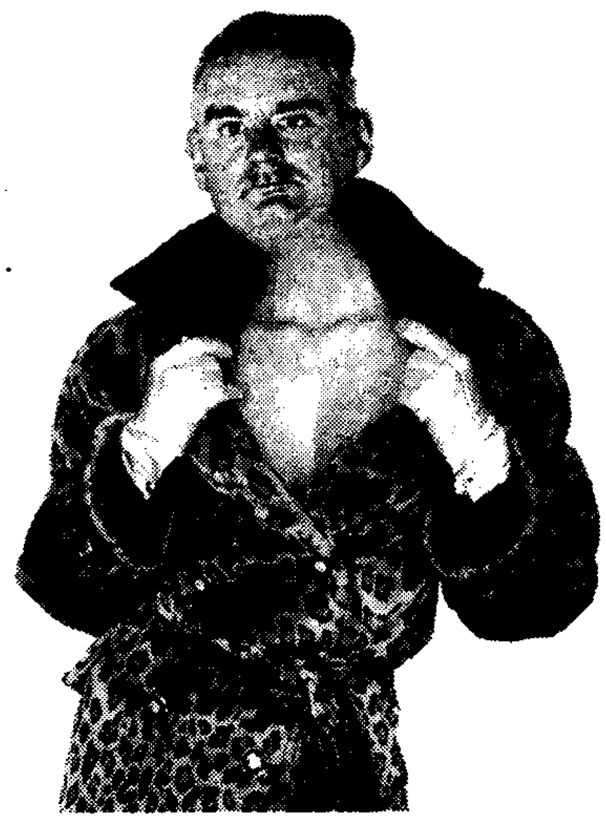
VERSACE CHOOSES ACKROYD IN FASHION SHOCK

by Our Supermodel Staff **Naomi Campballs**

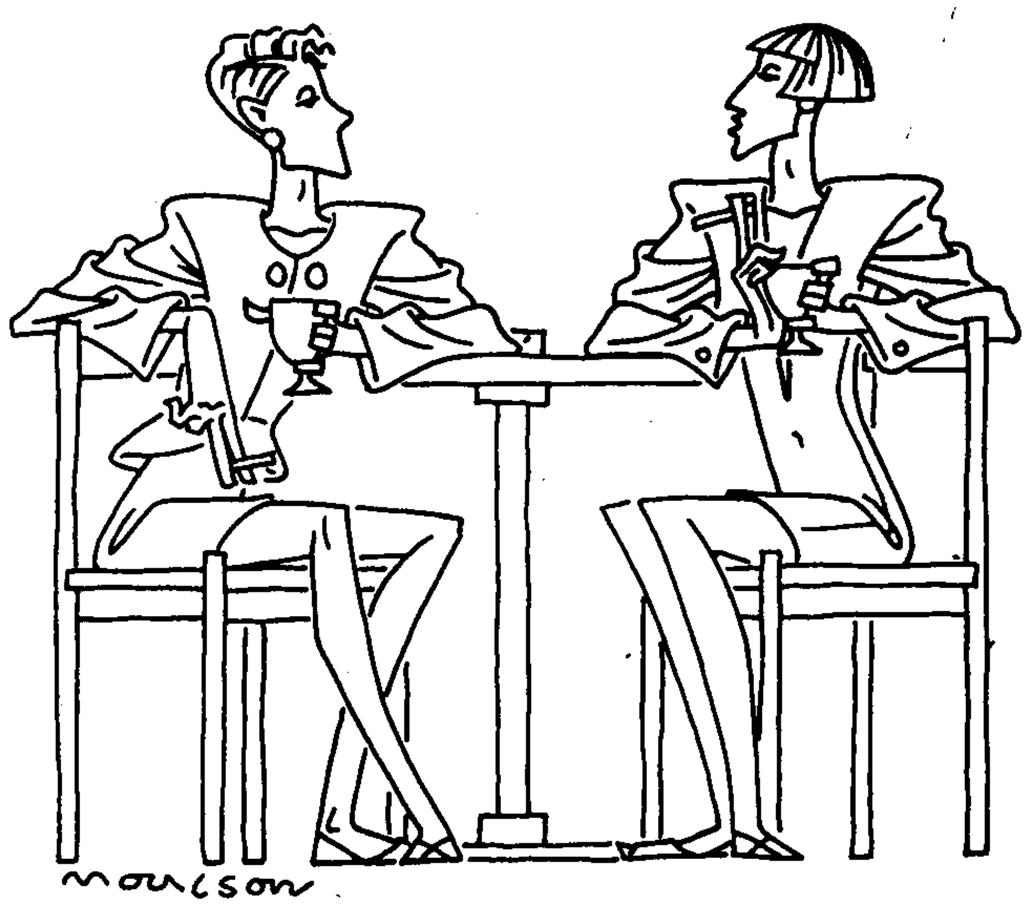
THE WORLD of the catwalk was rocked to its foundations yesterday by the decision of top international fashion designer Gianni Versace to choose the English novelist Peter Ackroyd to model his autumn collection.

Said Versace: "Ackroyd is an obvious choice to model designer clothes, with his elegant prose style, his deep knowledge of literary London, and his wonderful ability to fuse past and present in a coherent whole. It isn't just a stunt, honest."

Ackroyd's move to diversify his career has however met with some criticism from established supermodels. Said Linda Evangelista: "Peter looks rubbish in tight-fitting camisoles, see-through mini-skirts and lycra leggings. Just because he can evoke Wren's London doesn't mean he can carry off a gold lamé brassiere. I think he should stick to what he's good at."



Peter Ackroyd is 72-96-726.



"Yesterday I found my husband in bed with the au-pair. Of course we had to let him go"

The World's Worst Columnist

The Peter *McLie column*

WHAT on earth is going on on the railways? I went down to the station this morning to catch the train to town — and what did I find? Not a train in sight — and what's more no passengers. No wonder the railways are going bust!

I HAVE discovered a most delicious new food which, like so many good things to eat, comes from the shops.

It is not much to look at, to be sure — brown, round and knobbly, like my friend Andrew Wilson's knees after he has been playing hockey for his club.

But just slip one of these versatile vegetables into a pan filled with boiling water, and three hours later you have a dish fit for a king!

You can mash them, fry them, bake them or even toast them. And each way is as good as the last.

I confidently predict that soon every household in the country will be feasting on this delectable new treat.

It's name is the pineapple. Remember you read it here first!

ANOTHER cock-up from Bill Clinton. He has crashed his aeroplane onto the lawn of the White House.

Whatever will this accident-prone President come up with next?

He will probably try to invade Cuba.

That is if his wife Nancy will let him.

I have never liked him personally. But many people do — and who is to say they are wrong?

VERY OFTEN the final paragraph of a column is very short and has no ideas in it.

Why is this, I wonder?

Perhaps I shall never know.

(Brilliant stuff, Peter. Keep it up. — S.S.)

That Whitemoor IRA Gaol Menu in full

Paddy de Foie Gras
CavIRA On Toast
OR
Wild Gerry Soup

— ❋ —

Kneecap of Lamb
Chicken Kalashnikov
Sinn Fein of Beef with Paisley Sauce
Duck Not à l'Orange, served with All Greens
Permanent Peas and No Potatoes (due to Famine)

— ❋ —

Bombe Surprise
Semtexolina Pudding
Balaclava
OR
Choice of Rifles (shurely 'trifles'? Ed)

— ❋ —

Irish Coffee (Black or Tan)

— ❋ —

Cheeses
H-Block Cheddar
OR
Provolone

— ❋ —

From The Cellar
McGuinness (by the Pint)
Armalite Ale

— ❋ —

Warder Service Available

The Daily Hurleygraph

NEWSPAPER OF THE YEAR

FRIDAY, SEPTEMBER 23

Interest rate rise surprises Liz Hurley

by Our Hurley Correspondent LUNCHTIME O'GLE

THE ACTRESS Liz Hurley, girlfriend of Hugh Grant, the star of the smash hit British comedy *Four Weddings and a Funeral*, was said yesterday to have had "no idea that the Chancellor was about to put ½% on interest rates".

Friends of the actress say that the interest rate rise was not something Liz had ever imagined for the autumn. A close colleague told the Hurleygraph: "Liz feels that, with 3% growth and a 2% inflation rate, the Chancellor had very little room to manoeuvre."

Cor!

Rail strike spells chaos for Hurley

by Our Deputy Hurley Correspondent CHARLES MORE-HURLEY-PLEASE

THE FAILURE of Railtrack and the RMT to reach agreement and end the long-running signalmen's dispute has proved disastrous for top actress Elizabeth Hurley, girlfriend of Hugh Grant, the star of the smash hit British comedy *Four Weddings and a Funeral*.

"Liz has been unable to travel by train on strike days," says a close friend, "except of course when there is a service still running. She has been obliged to travel by car on some days, I gather, which is very inconvenient because of parking."

Phworr!!

Railtrack boss Bob Reid yesterday apologised to customers, including Liz Hurley, for the continuing disruption.

MATT

"Man bites dog's not news – dog doesn't bite Liz Hurley, now that's news!"

ON OTHER PAGES

☐ SPORT – Hurley not named in Ashes squad 27

☐ BUSINESS – Will Hurley take over the Savoy? (No) 35

☐ EDUCATION – Why Hurley Studies should be on the National Curriculum 19

☐ SCIENCE – Was Liz Hurley the key element in the creation of the Universe? 26

☐ COMMENT – Paul Johnson asks: Why oh why isn't there more coverage of Liz Hurley, girlfriend of Hugh Grant, the star of the smash hit British comedy, *Four Weddings and a Funeral*? 32

No comment from Hurley on two-speed Europe

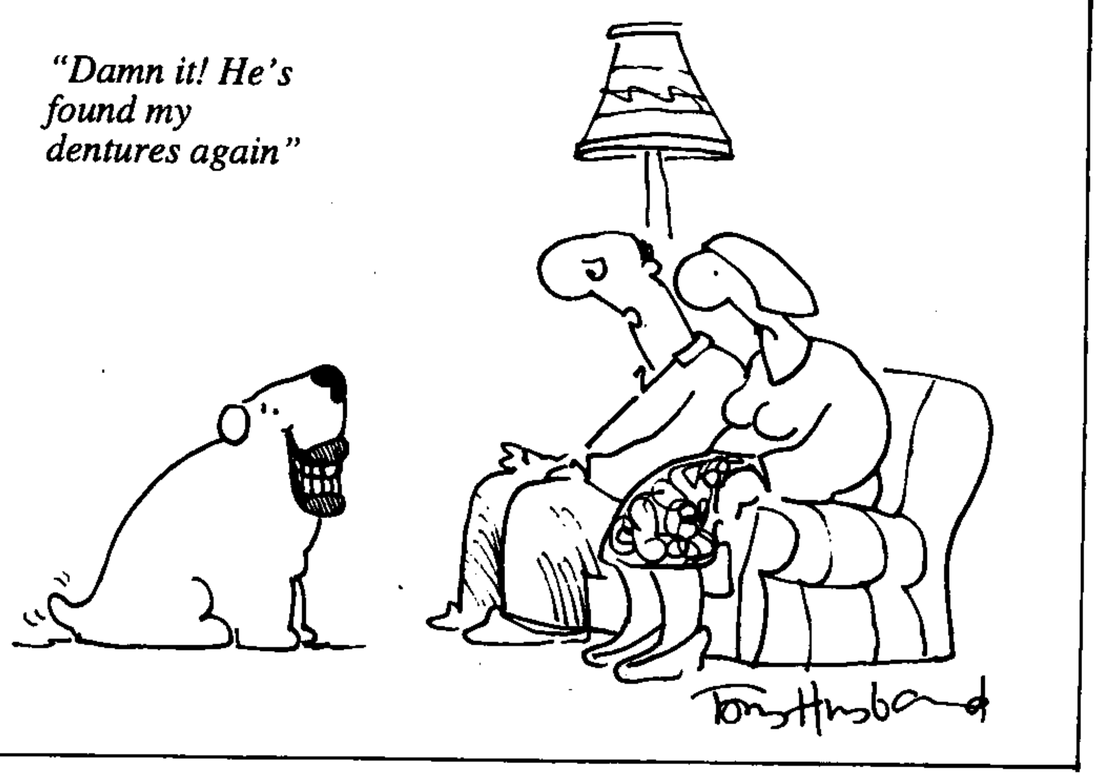
by Our Assistant Hurley Correspondent QUENTIN LECH

THE ACTRESS Elizabeth Hurley, girlfriend of Hugh Grant, the star of the smash hit British comedy *Four Weddings and a Funeral*, was said last night to be "keeping a close eye" on the EC row over Franco-German plans for a "hard-core, two-tier Europe".

Said a close friend: "Look, she's an actress, for God's sake. Can you stop ringing me up?"

Blimey!

"Damn it! He's found my dentures again"



DIARY

I spotted my old buddy Hieronymous Bisto, of Bisto Gravy fame, in Harry's Bar last Tuesday. He was dining with Angelica Smedley, the fishcake millionairess, who happens to be a very old friend of the ex-wife of a close business associate of the daughter of Louis van Skunk III, the self-styled former American ambassador to Gstaad. Louis once played an heroic round of bridge with my old Vietnam veteran buddy Ritzi van Toewarmer, the international sock tycoon. I once enjoyed a spot of monkey business with his lissome daughter Gratuitee van Toewarmer. For some reason, like so many other women — ah, the fair sex! — she found this poor little Greek boy irresistibly attractive. Gratuitee was in a state of womanly tears when I told her later that day I was due to dine *à deux* with the fabulously attractive society hostess Brandi Mobile, the portable telephone heiress, whose former husband Prince Heinz von Trashcan, the scion of international refuse collectors, was also, as it happens, an old buddy of my old buddy Hieronymous Bisto, of Bisto Gravy fame. Small world, *n'est-ce pas*?

The problems of Northern Ireland are uppermost in people's minds, and so they should be: on a Saturday afternoon it is quite impossible to get from the hideous but hugely comfortable County Down mansion of my old friend the Hon Kitty Katt of pet-food fame to the rolling acres of Castle Ballyhoo, the far-from-unstately home of my old buddies Lord and Lady Floss, of the distinguished old dental hygiene family, without running into a traffic jam on the main Belfast to Antrim road. This means that guests of both households are often up to half an hour late for their respective meals, incurring the understandable displeasure of their delicious hosts. My old chum, the excellent Sir Paddy Mayhew — whose second cousin's home I once visited in the company of my old friend Jonathan Aitken OE, who once met Jackie Onassis — must give his fullest attention to an urgent solution to this Northern Ireland problem. Otherwise he may find that the province becomes beset with a handful of social troubles which could take many years to sort out.

Friends in high places tell me that my old friend Johnny Patten is likely to be replaced soon as Secretary of State for Education. Odds are that the job will go to my chum Nicholas Soames OE. Watch this space: your intrepid reporter will keep you posted.

I am, for my sins, well known as a wit. It

TAKI

is, my enemies tell me, as much for my skills as a raconteur as for my good looks not to mention my command of the English words that I am invited to all the very best homes in the Western hemisphere, including the luxury Costa del Sol Surrey-style maisonette of Wendy Burger, the international catering heiress, situated on the exclusive Rivermead estate overlooking the prestigious new Touristica developmet with panoramic sea views from the easily accessible roof. Last Friday, I found myself at dinner with seven Nobel prize-winners, one ex-President of the United States, three Oscar winners, two former Prime Ministers, three international financiers, four world-famous authors and five European Heads of State. As you would expect, yours truly entertained them all to a splendid selection of anecdotes concerning the great and the frankly not-so-great, including a good crack against the loathsome nouveau Teddy Kennedy, who is well known to my good friends Baron and Baroness Thyssen Bornemisza, the Honourable Boofy Plunket-Earle-Greene OE, the Prince of Wales and Their Graces The Duke and Duchess of Abercrombie as an incorrigible name-dropper, a disgusting foreigner, an inveterate womaniser and a deep-down hypocrite to boot. I had just one finished sparkling story concerning the poor little Greek boy and his witty sally ("Piss off!") to the bully-boy tactics of the second cousin of the ex-estate manager of a famous Hollywood beauty whose ex-husband was not known for his heterosexuality. I was about to embark upon another such gem when my dear old friend Lord Whitelaw interrupted me. "Excuse me," he said. "More wine, please, waiter." As I beetled off to the pantry, he then turned to our other friends and, with the impeccable timing of the true aristocrat, said: "Service really isn't what it used to be!" A 24 carat gent through and through, as one would expect of an Old Etonian.

There are many tales I could tell about my old buddy Nicholas Soames, the old Harrovian who many are tipping to take over John Major's job soon after Christmas, not all of them printable. One I particularly enjoy is what I said to him after we had an expensive lunch together only a few years ago in the company of a very senior cabinet minister — but my lips are sealed!

Barbara Blancmange, of the luxury dessert dynasty, was kind enough to have me to a dinner given by my old friends Sir Geoffrey and Lady Lockjaw at the Ritz in honour of Sir Jimmy Goldsmith to celebrate making his two hundred and fiftieth million. Jimmy happens to be a very old friend of mine. Barbara gambled that I would be cracking non-stop jokes, and everything did indeed turn out hunky-dory until Lady Annunciata Saveloy, of the snack family, told the whole table that every woman she has ever met has fantasised about having a night of hanky-panky with this poor little Greek boy. I did my best to hide my embarrassment: I haven't received such a compliment since the great President Nixon himself told my old buddy Soamesy that he'd never had received such an efficient shoe-shine. Afterwards I tackled Annunciata in a corridor. Handing her over the agreed sum, I booked her there and then to say the same again at my next dinner, which is being thrown in my honour by yours truly.

In 1974, I had the misfortune to have dinner with Ted Kennedy for the first and only time. It was 1973, and he was the guest of the Greek government. As the guest of the British government, he should have minded his manners, as this was 1976, and a time when manners still meant something. Ted had what those of us who are members of Aspinall's (I was a great friend of Lord Lucan, by the way, and I also once had dinner with Princess Margaret too) call a shaky hold on the truth. Over luncheon that day, he bragged that he had been to bed with hundreds of girls and could beat anyone at tennis. We Greeks are not amused by braggers, particularly when we are infinitely better at tennis than them and have bedded hundreds more girls, but that's the way of the Kennedys. Incidentally, in 1975, I had the misfortune to have dinner with Ted Kennedy for the first and only time when were both guests of the Chilean government. But that, as they say, is another story.

"I used to be like you. Then I found Buddhism"

IF YOU WANT A

Bit of fun, come and get it here. We just wank two smart lads to go out and drink beer.

Apply Box No. 09961

Marlow Free Press

NEW East Anglian Theatre Company is looking for Actors and Actresses of under 25 to perform in a play dealing with the affects of drugs, experience preferred. Contact Holly on (0328)

Eastern Daily Press

Literary Review

Cash on delivery

Botham: My Autobiography
Ian Botham & Peter Hayter
(Collins Willow, £15.99)

A FAILSAFE resort, when doubt is cast on the ability of modern sports stars, is to solicit the opinion of one's father.

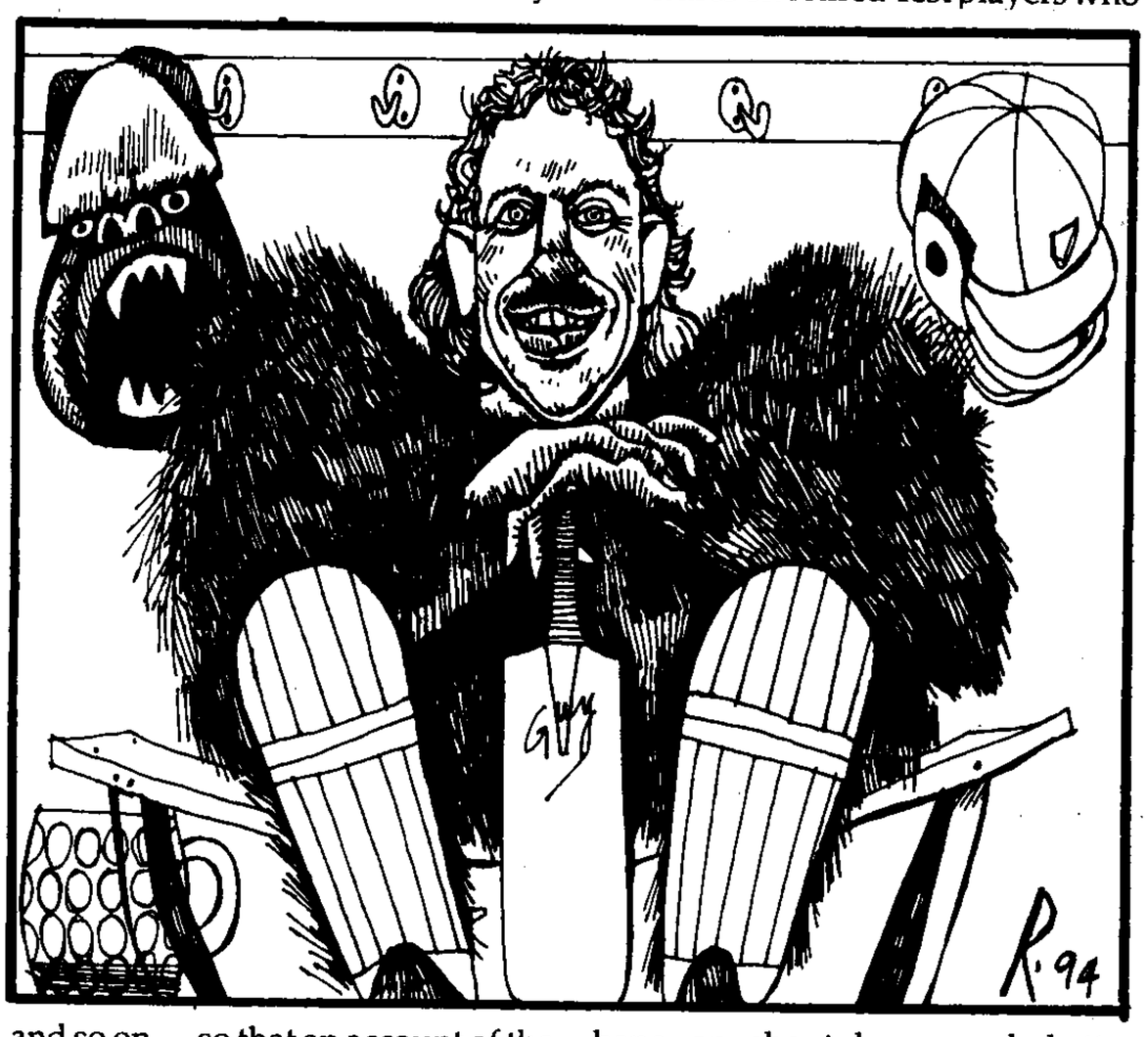
So dad, what about Linford Christie? "A yob... He can run a bit, though." Paul Gascoigne? "A yob... But you'd like to have him in your team." Fine. And, er, Ian Botham? He was a yob, but you'd have liked to have him in your team, too.

There is a grand tradition of cricketing yobs, of course, going back at least as far as Wilfred Rhodes, and reaching a post-war highpoint in the person of F.S. Trueman (whose no-nonsense approach to the game was habitually frowned upon by MCC purists), but for general obstreperous brilliance Botham was your man. The punch-ups, the drugs, the 8-34 against Pakistan and the 149 not out to save the Headingley test — throughout, the good bits and the bad bits come inextricably welded together.

All overseen, inevitably enough in this cash-conscious age, by an eye for the main chance. And so, barely a year after his enforced departure from an end of career berth with Durham (there is talk of "resignations" but I think we get the picture) along comes the old boy's lavishly packaged autobiography; sales in its first week of around 100,000 and straight into the bestseller lists at number one.

"Beefy's" collaborator is cricket correspondent of the *Mail on Sunday* (a fairly undemanding job on this evidence) and the result, as you might imagine, is inordinately funny, execrably written in the usual three clichés a sentence style, but at the same time somehow comforting in its imitation of familiar archetypes. He was a yob, but he can write a pattern sports auto-biography.

Those sports autobiographies! How do they go? Well, there are the larky bits (the raw fruit down the batting gloves, the side-splitting accounts of my boorish behaviour on tour); and there are the humble bits ("there is no doubt... that at this stage there was a very real danger of allowing the publicity to go to my head"). Mixed up with these come the sternly reproving bits ("These stories are amusing in hindsight, but as a professional I find that kind of amateurish behaviour hard to tolerate"); and the sober, let's-set-the-record-straight bits ("... one rumour I would like to put right once and for all is that I went after Chappell with a bottle") followed by the mock self-deprecating bits ("They tell me that this was the best all-round performance ever by an England player"). All served up with the hilarious nicknames — "Deadly" Underwood, Graham "Picca" Dilley



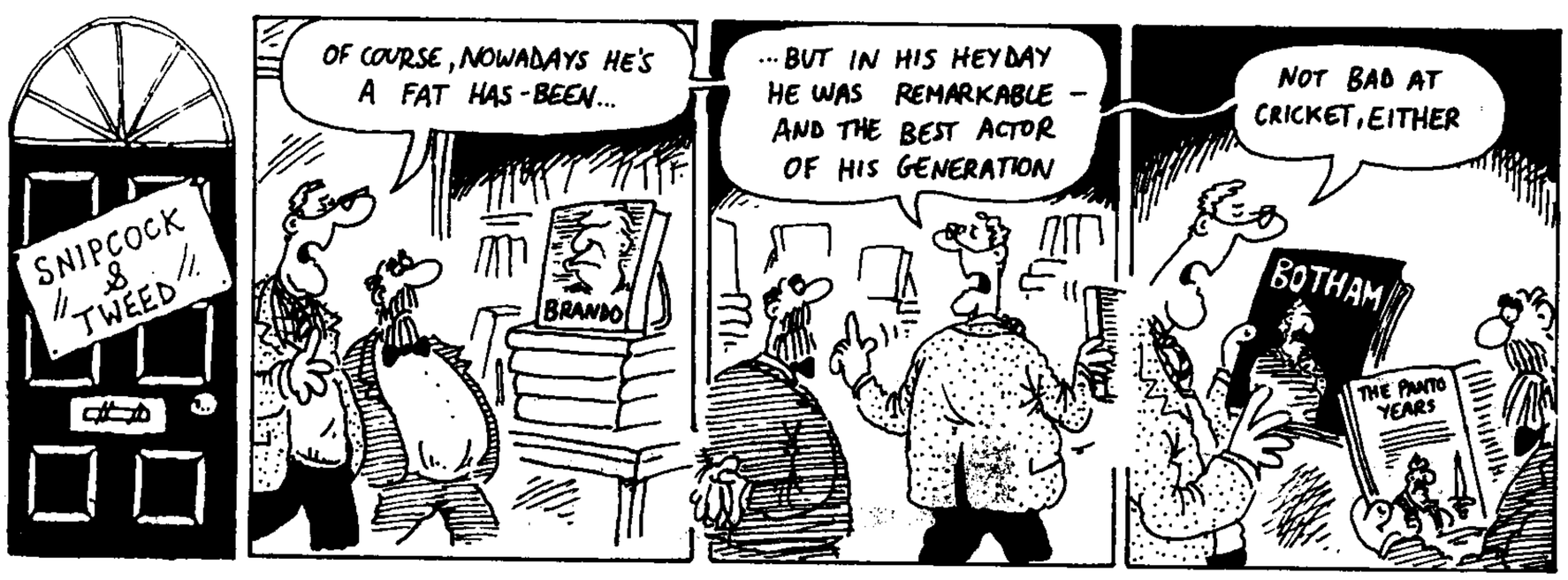
and so on — so that an account of the average game turns into a litany of jokey allusions ("Embers sent down a ball which lifted off a good length, took AB on the gloves and was caught by Gatt close in") incomprehensible to all but the diehard.

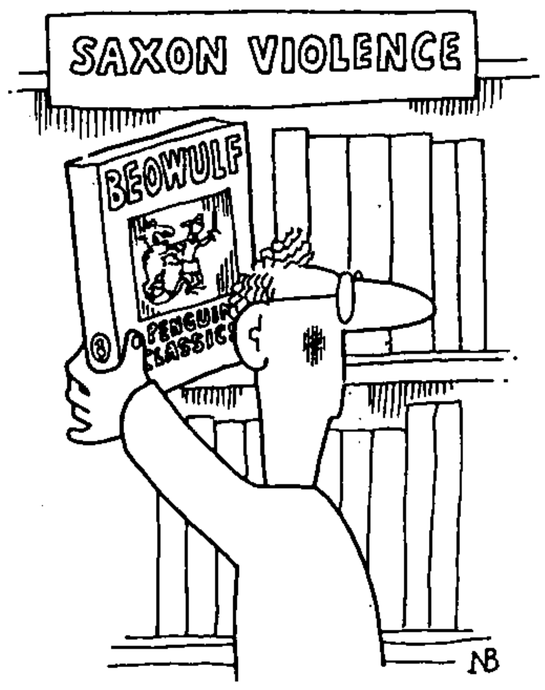
The subtext, naturally enough, is self-justification. This allows for a high degree of score-settling: Dexter, Bedser, Boycott, toffee-nosed MCC gits. Queerly, though, for all the talk about the "powerful voices inside the establishment" eternally out to trim our hero down to size, the scent of rebellion is generally of the mildest and most unexceptionable sort. As a sportsman with a career to make, Botham knew his best move was to stick with the national side, and he always refused offers to play on the rebel tours. Show him a real establishment figure, the exemplar being his England mentor Mike Brearley, and he invariably ends up eating out of his hand.

Even more amusing, perhaps, are the contradictory bits. As might be expected, our Ian has *some pretty strong opinions* about the way in which the national side gets administered. One of his loudest complaints about the Graham Gooch-Mickey Stewart regime is the obsession with collecting data on the opposing players. The Botham method, alternatively, was "simply psyching one another up over a beer or two". However, this doesn't stop him ticking off Boycott for analysing players' weaknesses on television — ammo for the enemy, don't you know. In much the same way, the strictures on retired Test players who bang on about how much better things were in their day are preceded by a lament about later generations of 18-year-olds and their demands for sponsored cars.

And so on. In Botham's defence he was a sporting hero and he raises a lot of money for charity. But... Billy Wright, the former England soccer captain, died a fortnight ago. He was a modest, unassuming man (105 caps) who wrote a modest, unassuming autobiography called *Football Is My Passport*, all about people on the bus congratulating him on getting the England captaincy.

Working out which of these


SNIPCOCK & TWEED
OF COURSE, NOWADAYS HE'S A FAT HAS-BEEN...
BRANDO
...BUT IN HIS HEYDAY HE WAS REMARKABLE - AND THE BEST ACTOR OF HIS GENERATION
NOT BAD AT CRICKET, EITHER
BOTHAM
THE PANTO YEARS



sporting heroes you prefer is a futile exercise, made redundant by the knowledge that the arrival of money into English sport, however badly needed, had the unlooked for effect of making the world safe for the likes of Ian Botham. From now on, it will be piss-ups, photo-opportunities and anguished denials all the way.

Books & Bookmen

ANYONE can produce a novel. Edwina Currie's done it, Rupert Everett's done it, Ivana Trump's done it, even Naomi Campbell (or rather her ghost-writer, Caroline Upchuck) has done it.

And, now that the "comedian" Rob Newman has made his fictional debut with the pisspoor *Dependence Day*, **his old partner David "Dave" Baddiel has decided he wants a slice of the action too. His agent, Jon Thoday, has sent an enticing six-page extract from Baddiel's magnum opus to selected publishers, inviting bids.**

"The problem with insomnia," the typescript begins, "is that it makes it impossible to get through the night on just one wank. Because if you don't go to sleep with the first emission drying on your stomach, twenty minutes later the rebound hits you square in the perineum, lodges there like a radioactive piece of grit, and then it's: *squeeze a fist around my prostate, please, attach a hypodomic (sic) syringe to my scrotum, please, draw out all fluid as soon as it appears, constantly drain me. Please.*"

Baddiel is a master of all the literary techniques. He can even do similes: earplugs are "pink, waxy balls like rabbit scrotum"; in a dustbin, he observes "a mound of things that were once food themselves and now are blue, green and furry heiroglyphics (sic) of the process of eternal decay." Profound, or what?

As everyone knows, David Baddiel is a caffeine-addicted football nut who in real life shares a flat with Frank Skinner, his colleague on TV's *Fantasy Football*. **The hero of his novel is a caffeine-addicted football nut who shares a flat with... well, you get the picture. The hero is also (and here one cannot but admire Baddiel's rich imagination)** *trying to write a novel*.

Rob Newman was paid £90,000 for *Dependence Day*. **Baddiel, presumably on the grounds that his novel will be twice as dire, is demanding an advance of £180,000.**

'Bookworm'

footnotes

COPPER'S LARK

THE COST of the Metropolitan police station at Heathrow Airport — every penny of the coppers' wages, expenses, overheads and everything else — is paid for by a private company: Heathrow Airport Ltd, a subsidiary of BAA plc, whose main customer is British Airways, the dirty tricks specialists.

This news may surprise people who thought that the police, who have enormous powers of arrest and detention, are a public body financed by the public. It might also help *Eye* readers understand the very close co-operation between the Metropolitan police at Heathrow and British Airways over the John Gorman case (see *Eyes passim*).

Before 1982, Heathrow police station was paid for entirely by the Metropolitan police. In that year the Thatcher government pushed through parliament an aviation and security act which allowed airports to provide their own police force. The purpose of this was not privatisation. The policing of Heathrow was run by the British Airports Authority, a public body. But in 1986, the authority became BAA plc, which has built up enormous profits from sales at airports and from landing fees from airlines, especially British Airways. Since 1986, a special subsidiary of the private company has met all the costs of the police station.

PS: The Gorman revelations in the *Eye* and, latterly, elsewhere seem to have had one beneficial effect. British Airways has called a halt to the "upgrading" of police officers from Heathrow police station who go on British Airways flights.

Such "upgrading" has been quite common and has caused resentment in the terminals. For instance, a few weeks ago a constable from Heathrow police station who was attached to duties at Terminal Four was booked on a standard bulk travel economy ticket to Hong Kong on Cathay Pacific. The constable's flight was "upgraded" to first class — the cost of a first class flight being at least five times what the constable had paid — and he had a very enjoyable trip.

The *Eye* gathers that, *post*-Gorman, this sort of thing is not going to happen again.

Has anyone seen our £45,904?

■ **"ITS a cock-up, I'm afraid". This most unusual on-the-record quote came to the Eye from the Lord Chancellor's department in answer to a question about £45,904.22 taxpayers money wrongly paid by the Treasury of the Supreme Court to a firm of solicitors which is no longer trading.**

The sum represented costs of a case brought by the Tower Hamlets Street Traders association against Tower Hamlets Council (see last Eye). The traders won the case and were awarded costs. The costs were paid by the High Court to the traders' solicitors Eppel and Co. Eppel and Co are no longer functioning. Mr David Lavy, the partner who dealt with the traders, has gone off to work on his own in Hampstead. So no-one knows where the money is.

Meanwhile the costs have been paid out again - by Tower Hamlets Council. A few weeks after the money went from the High Court to Eppel, the council paid another £45,904,22 to the traders' new solicitors, Paisners. Now Paisners won't hand over the money to their clients for fear they will be sued for it by the High Court which wrongly paid the money to Eppel and Co.

COMPUTER KING: Eric Caines

Andersen's Country

NEWS that Peter Lilley's "cost-cutting" social security department (DSS) has reportedly spent £1.9 billion more than estimated on its precious programme to put benefits information on computer caused some panic in the department and at the firm which made the most profit from the scheme, Andersen Consulting.

Ian Magee, chief executive of the Information Technology Services Agency, which has poured hundreds of millions into the scheme, has written angrily to the *Independent* to cast doubt on the report. He agrees, however, that the cost was originally estimated at £700 million but by 1998 will be, er, somewhat more: £2.6 billion in fact. This is because the project has been "so successful", he explains.

"Further projects" have been added in, he claims, which have increased the costs. But he doesn't say how much of the extra cost is due to "further projects" and how much is due to plain old-fashioned incompetence, waste and greed.

Magee also says that "at the last count" the savings of the "Operational Strategy" (the department's sexy name for the new computer scheme) was £3.3 billion. More sceptical experts in the field wonder when that "last count" was.

The "last count" to be published was in July 1991 when the DSS reported net losses of half a billion pounds for 1991-91, and another half billion losses for 1992-93. Only by 1996-97 did this "count" suggest a net gain — of a mere £168 million. How have these very slender future gains suddenly increased to £3.3 billion?

A spokesman for the ITSA started off by explaining that the £3.3bn was not a net gain. So you have to start by taking away the £2.6bn losses. The spokesman agreed that the net gain of £700m is still much bigger than the £168m Parliament were told about in 1991. He said there were two reasons for the increase. The first was inflation, the second as follows (attend carefully):

"These things are changed as the organisation spots opportunities to change or as parliament demands change or the systems that were running in 1991 have been added to or changed and some new systems have been added to or changed and some new systems have been added so that the thing that has been analysed costed and valued in 1994 has moved on from 1991".

The spokesman said he did not think that these dramatic new changes in the estimates were announced to anyone, not even Parliament, before Mr Magee's letter appeared in the Independent.

A rather different view of Operational Strategy can be read in a long article in Public Administration this spring. This concludes that the new systems are far more likely to make losses than gains, and sums up with a wry comment about the way the government deals with statistics about it: "DSS representatives seem to welcome and even encourage the cloud of confusion surrounding estimates of costs and savings." Most independent experts who have examined Operational Strategy conclude that it has been a wasteful disaster, driven, like most other big projects in the 1980s, by an obsession with sacking people, breaking up their trade unions and replacing them with machines, even if the machines don't work.

One organisation which has definitely gained is Andersen Consulting, hero of the Wessex regional health authority scandal (see *Eyes passim*) which lost the National Health Service at least £20 million. A hefty slice of Andersen's enormous wealth comes from the vast fees it charges the taxpayer for work on "Operational Strategy", and it has been keen to promote its successes.

The firm contributed generously to the cost of *The Paper Chase*, a book by Ivan Fallon, then deputy editor of Rupert Murdoch's *Sunday Times*. It was published last year by Murdoch's Harper Collins; and Fallon's advance was not a million pounds less than £70,000. His theme was that Operational Strategy was one of the most exciting and brilliant computer projects in the history of the world. The book's launch party was attended by Michael Partridge, permanent secretary to the DSS, and even Sir Robin Butler, the cabinet secretary. (Incredibly, the book seems to be out of print.)

PS: The director of Operational Strategy from 1987 to 1990 was Eric Caines, a Thatcherite civil servant. So delighted was the government with Caines's work on the project that he was promoted to be director of personnel at the National Health Service, where he worked hard to impose the highest standards of the free market. He is now professor of health care at Nottingham University.

Forward with Britton

■ THE newspapers have been full of the former successes of Paul Britton, the forensic psychiatrist who scored such a hit with his profile of the murderer of Rachel Nickell. For some reason, three of his more notable triumphs seem to have been left out.

1. The Carl Bridgewater Case
Eye readers will recall that in 1991 a police inquiry was launched into new evidence plainly contradicting the police account of the confession of Pat Molloy, the lynchpin in the case.

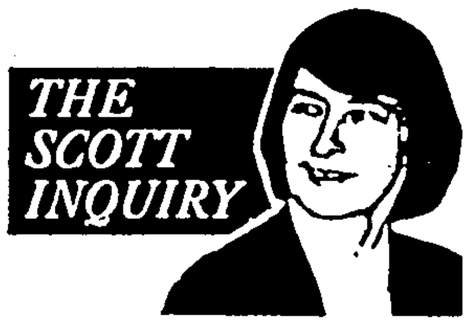
Merseyside police went to the top man in the forensic psychology business: Dr Eric Shepherd. To their horror, Shepherd concluded that the new evidence was very credible — and the police account of Molloy's confession just didn't make sense. The police rejected Shepherd's conclusions and passed the case to another man in the same field: Paul Britton. Britton's conclusions, which have not been revealed, plainly satisfied them and played a big part in the decision in February 1993 of the then home secretary, Kenneth Clarke, not to reopen the Bridgewater case.

EYES 17/12/93 & 11/2/94

2. The George Heron case
Unemployed drifter George Heron was arrested and charged with the gruesome murder by stabbing in Sunderland in October 1992 of 7-year-old Nikki Allen. The only substantial evidence against him was a confession so weak that the judge refused to allow it to go to the jury (see the *Eye* of 17 December 1993). Paul Britton was called in to give his views on the type of man who committed such a murder, and to connect the type with George Heron. He was closely involved in the police questioning of Heron which led to the inadmissible confession.

3. The Michael Sams case
The police asked Paul Britton to profile the type of man who could have murdered a woman in Leeds and kidnapped another. The macho type he drew up was distinctly unlike the murderer, Michael Sams, a rather weedy little chap with one leg.

AN UNLIKELY HERO



■ IS MR Paul Henderson, former director of the Iraqi-owned machine tools firm Matrix Churchill, quite the middle class hero he was made out to be when he was acquitted in 1992 of all charges of illegally exporting to Iraq?

Mr Henderson gave evidence to the Scott inquiry on 7 July, long after the other hearings had finished in mid-May.

The big issue was whether or not he had deceived the government about the purpose of a consignment of lathes to Iraq.

Lord Trefgarne, then minister of state at the department of trade, had told Scott in March that he had met Henderson in September 1989.

"Before authorising the applications, I had this meeting with Mr Henderson. He gave me the plainest assurances that the lathes were going for innocent purposes... I now believe he deceived me."

MINISTER'S MATE: John Butcher (left) and Henderson

Henderson, in his evidence, insisted that Trefgarne's account was quite wrong. "At the meeting we never discussed any licence. The meeting was more of a general nature," he said.

Presiley Baxendale, for the inquiry, then produced notes of the meeting from others who had been there. One note, from the DTI representative, recorded: "Mr Henderson said the lathes would be used for general engineering purposes principally for the production of automotive components. He understood they would be used for civil production only."

That note, from a department which was hostile to Mr Henderson, was not in itself conclusive.

But there was another person at the meeting representing the interests of Mr Henderson and his colleagues. Mr John Nosworthy of the Machine Tool Trade Association took comprehensive notes of what happened. They included this passage:

"Lord Trefgarne then asked what was the intended use of these machines. Mr Henderson replied that they were intended for industrial use at two factories which had previously been involved in the war effort. They now had new manufacturing licences from Ford etc and were seeking to build an automotive manufacturing industry."

Mr Henderson agreed with Presiley Baxendale that this "completely independent" account from his own trade association representative "ties in exactly" with what was said by Lord Trefgarne. He insisted, however, that all these notes, including Nosworthy's, were inaccurate, and that he had said nothing of the kind recorded in them.

A bit of a crunch came when Ms Baxendale quoted to Mr Henderson from a recent bestselling book, *The Unlikely Spy* by Paul Henderson. On page 169, describing the meeting with Lord Trefgarne, Henderson wrote: "I acknowledged that the machines had commercial and military uses. I also knew the intelligence services had informed all of the Ministers about the real use of the machines, so I stressed the Iraqi plans for automotive projects such as the Daimler Benz and General Motors plants."

This account was curiously similar to that of Lord Trefgarne and Mr Nosworthy. Mr Henderson expostulated: "I mean, the book basically is not a verbatim record of the meeting. The book is in fact obviously to give a flavour."

This wasn't altogether convincing. Indeed, in Ms Baxendale's words, it was "just a bit peculiar".

PS: A notable gap in Paul Henderson's moving story of how he was nearly sent to prison for arms exports to Iraq by a government heavily engaged in arms exports to Iraq is any grateful reference to Mr Henderson's MP, John Butcher, for any help after Henderson was arrested. Henderson's supporters before his trial in October 1992 recall some wry remarks from the businessman about the speed with which his MP rallied to his defence.

Whatever their feelings for each other at the time, however, Mr Butcher, who was a loyal member of Mrs Thatcher's government from 1982 to 1989, and Mr Henderson have now teamed up in a formidable business partnership. Both are directors of a new firm which is going round the Midlands buying up other firms.

For Mr Butcher the new directorship will make life even more hectic. He is already chairman of Texas Instruments; chairman of Leslie and Co, a non-ferrous engineering company; and chairman of Imagesoft Ltd, a document image processing software firm. He is also a paid adviser to Warwick University, Olivetti and an advertising agency called Euro RSCG.

THE THINGS THEY SAY — 58 YEARS ON

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Tory MP Lord Dunglass, (later Sir Alex Douglas-Home, Prime Minister) House of Commons debate on unemployment, March 2, 1936

1994

'This conference urges the Government to recognise that no sane person wants a classless society, which is a society run by bureaucrats and composed of slaves. It therefore urges the Government to grant tax relief for the employment of domestic servants. This will bring employment to the unemployed and civilised living to the middle classes.'

Motion for Tory Party Conference from Bow and Poplar September 1994

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In the City

THAT the Department of Timidity & Inaction (DTI) inspectors found overwhelming circumstantial evidence that Lord Archer had been involved in insider dealing when he bought 50,000 Anglia TV shares for his Kurdish aide Broosk Saib will come as no surprise to *Eye* readers.

But that still leaves unanswered not the question as to why the great storyteller was not prosecuted — that was always unlikely once Archer had been "cleared" by the fragrant Lady A of being told about the MAI bid and could not be proved to have benefited — but as to why he did it?

All the evidence now in clearly suggests that Archer was doing a favour to a friend in need rather than lining his own well lined pocket. Rather than write out a cheque to Saib it seems Jeffrey put him into a stone winner. A request for help answered at no cost — or so it must have seemed at the time.

Consider the facts. Archer contacts Simon Wharmby, a stockbroker he has used long ago, rather than his regular broker, to do the deal. Wharmby — a half commission man at Charles Stanley who has to share his cut with that firm — is only too willing to deal for the multi-millionaire. In particular he sees no problem in dealing for "new time", the stock market account due to start in two days' time which involves the firm extending credit to its new but prestigious client to the tune of £250,000. And because it is Archer he is prepared to book the shares in Saib's name without even establishing Saib's existence. Now that's trust for you.

But there is no way that even Wharmby and Charles Stanley would have given that much credit to Broosk Saib, a man they knew the square root of nothing about, if he had called up asking to deal. Indeed, the finance director of Stanley was so concerned that he queried the first half of the transaction, the purchase of 25,000 Anglia shares, and was only prepared to let it go ahead because he was assured that although Saib's name was on the contract note the brokers could look to Archer if it all went wrong.

This would seem to explain why Archer, rather than Saib, had to find the broker and place the orders. Archer clearly knew enough about Charles Stanley to know that it would do the business. He would probably have been less sure with a true blue blood firm. They might have queried why Archer was using Saib's name to buy shares for "new time" in a company which was already the subject of bid gossip. They might have wanted to speak to Saib. They might even have clicked that Lady Archer was an Anglia director and therefore pressed Archer on the propriety of the deal and the disclosure requirements. None of this either occurred to or concerned Charles Stanley.

But then Stanley is not the blue blooded firm some reports would have the ill-informed believe. Despite being run for many years by a former lord mayor of London, Stanley has always been there or thereabouts because of its heavy reliance on private client business and hungry half commission brokers. Certainly it was a firm Stock Exchange investigators did not put in the same category as the true City blue bloods, Cazenove or Rowe & Pitman. More an up-market A.J. Bekhor or even Rowe Rudd, from where Archer and Wharmby's pal Frank Watts came before joining Charles Stanley.

So Saib is put into and taken out of the Anglia good thing by his friend Jeffrey and is almost £80,000 richer within three weeks. But if Saib, as he claims, has his own stockbroker and, as others claim, is a wealthy man, why did Archer not just give him the tip — as the great storyteller claimed initially he did, along with advice (unheeded) to buy Yorkshire TV shares? The answer would seem to be time and money.

There was only a very small time window in which the shares could be bought before the bid from MAI was announced. Consider: the Anglia directors are told that the bid is agreed on the Wednesday, the day before Archer first bought shares, and that Thursday the directors were summoned to a meeting on the Sunday to approve the terms. For all anyone knew the bid would be announced on the Monday morning. In fact it was 24 hours later. But that meant the shares had to be bought on Thursday or Friday and had to be bought for the new account if the buyer was to be sure of being ahead of the game and could buy and then sell without having to pay.

That is the time factor. Now the money. It would seem that perhaps though he had a stockbroker, that broker may have been aware that Saib did not have £250,000 to gamble on a takeover bid and might not have been good for whatever loss might have been incurred if the bid did not materialise and the Anglia price fell. So even if he had the hot Anglia tip, Saib may not have been able to deal on it in time. But he sure knew a man who could and did.

So if Archer was just helping out an old friend or a good cause, why have not he and Saib come clean? For Archer, the answer is that philanthropy is no excuse for insider dealing: he could still be open to prosecution — assuming it could be proved that he knew about the bid — even though he received no personal benefit. So no gain only pain from admitting his helping hand.

As for Saib, he might have to explain perhaps why he needed the favour, admit to possible financial problems and disclose what actually happened to the money once it left his bank account. Better to say nothing, which is what effectively both men have done so far.

The Archer affair has confirmed the sorry state of the insider dealing law and the giant loopholes through which even those against whom there is overwhelming circumstantial evidence can slip. Especially if they are high profile figures with the resources to take on the DTI and friends in Downing Street.

Perhaps now the DTI and the treasury will reconsider the policy not to allow civil actions for repayment and damages from suspected insider dealers on the Wall Street model. There, the securities and exchange commission (SEC) recently wrapped up one of its biggest insider dealing cases by concluding a $11 million settlement with New York socialite Edward Downe, the leading figure in a ring of well placed insiders. Other members have made previous smaller settlements. All neither admitted nor denied wrongdoing.

It would be interesting to imagine what might have been if the DTI had sued Archer and Saib over their deal when the legal test would have been not that of the criminal standard "beyond a reasonable doubt" but the less taxing civil burden of "the balance of probabilities". Faced with the facts as now known and the exit of a settlement without admitting wrongdoing, it is hard to imagine Archer's lawyers advising him to risk another "grave error" by going into court. But this is not the United States. Which is why the DTI has never collected a fine of more than £25,000 while the SEC regularly collects millions.

Perhaps when he has finished fulfilling the latest European requirement by making Britain a safe haven from DTI oppression for innocent victims such as Ernest Saunders, John Major might like to propose such a reform as part of his crackdown on crime. Or maybe not.

THE SUDDEN collapse of Dieter Bock's recent putsch inside Lonrho against his supposed indivisible mentor and joint chief executive "Tiny" Rowland is rumoured to owe much to a secret deal Bock agreed two years ago when he bought half Rowland's stake.

Bock is said to have agreed in writing that Rowland would continue as before to run the African companies on the same generous terms and conditions. This understanding between the two men in lawyerspeak is said to amount to a contract. So when Bock tried to push Rowland out — using the spurious grounds of his £5 million cost to the company which was already known and agreed — the response was the threat of a Fayed style legal action.

That persuaded the crucial non-executives (who were seemingly unaware of the deal) and several of Bock's allies among the executive directors to back away from a confrontation. But war has only been delayed. Come November Rowland will have no guaranteed allies on the board although there are still a number of floating voters. But he will still have Bock's agreement.

'Slicker'

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A tale of a luggy bonnet

AN ANECDOTE related to us by our shooting acquaintances comes to mind.

AT THE END OF THE DAY'S SPORT, gamekeeper Jimmy Jamieson was observed waiting patiently among the party, his deerstalker's flaps still tied across the top of his head, his ears an exuberant blue with the Grampian cold.

"Why're ye standing in the wind with your bonnet not over your ears, Jimmy?" a friend inquired

"I ha'na worn my bonnet since 'the disaster.'"

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2. A Calumet is an American Indian tobacco pipe that is passed around as a symbol of friendship. A Camel Mild is a smooth-tasting cigarette that is passed around when you've only got one left.

3. Toms thin goats made lim-cl is an anagram of smooth- tasting Camel Mild.

4. Nihilists refuse to believe that smooth-tasting Camel Mild actually exist. So they probably wouldn't object if you had one of theirs.

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If you want your own Opening Lines number, simply write out a short advertisement (up to 20 words), then call our operators on 081 466 4048 and dictate it to them. Remember to have your Access or Visa card details handy.

If you simply want to reply to an advertiser, just dial the telephone number shown in your chosen advertisement and leave your details after the tone.

For a full explanation of the service, just dial 0839 512 333.

ACADEMIC BUT HUMAN male, 45, wants to hear the voice of a lovely lady, n/s please, who seeks a long term committed relationship. Midlands. Ring 0660 204190

ATTRACTIVE, FUN-LOVING female, early 40s, looking for tall, lively, interesting and honest man, for dinners, pubs and country walks. Ring 0660 204350

NICE GUY, TALL, attractive, 34, seeks attractive, vivacious female, 21-36, for a fun, romantic relationship. Ring 0660 204214

GORGEOUS FEMALE, 22, seeks handsome man, 20-28, for pubs and clubs, or sporting activities. Needs to be warm hearted. Leicester/Midlands. Ring 0660 204439

LOOKING FOR A MAN? then why not try our new Library Line service. To listen to a selection of past, present and even future male Opening Lines advertisers, just dial this number. Ring 0660 204222

FEMALE, ATTRACTIVE, vivacious, sensitive, loves arts, dining, travel. Seeks similar man, lively, solid, easygoing/ open to a new relationship if it feels right. Ring 0660 204453

HIDDEN DEPTHS, laidback male, 42, 5ft 11in, solvent, reasonable looks, sensitive, considerate, seeks independent, intelligent female. Evenings in, French food, travel, long walks. No Tories. Ring 0660 204225

FULL BODIED, tall, warm-hearted, genuine, articulate, hazel-eyed, smiley, comely wench, late 30s, awaits 121 relationship with mannered, single gentleman Ring 0660 204487

VERY NEGLECTED married lady, 45, seeks kind & considerate gentleman, with gsoh, for friendship & romantic affair. I have short hair, blue eyes & pleasantly plump figure. Ring 0660 204301

GORGEOUS FEMALE, 30, solvent, looking for equally gorgeous male. Must be romantic, sensitive, and solvent. Must have good life style. Between 30-36. Ring 0660 209432

LOVEABLE, LONG HAIRED, left-wing licentiate. Male, 5ft 6in, young 51, solvent, gsoh, nice appearance, n/s, looking for lasting relationship with attractive, intelligent, confident woman, thirtyish to fiftyish. Ring 0660 204330

DYNAMIC, PRETTY, professional communicator, intelligent, slim, 39 (looks 29). Own business. Seeks single, solvent, creative, caring prince with jazz in his soul. Midlands/Near. Ring 0660 204741

SEPTEMBER SNOG. Caring, successful male, 37, 6ft, slim, very presentable, easygoing, witty, intelligent, socially adept, seeks similarly adjectivally well endowed female, 25-45. Hants/Surrey. Ring 0660 204332

LIVELY, INTELLIGENT, professional female, (35), seeks tall, successful, single man, (34-40), with big heart and brains for lots of fun. Ring 0660 204798

MILDLY LUNATIC MALE, 39, serious about fun, seeks feisty lady who doesn't give a damn. Rampant imagination and adolescent tendencies essential. Ring 0660 204423

STUNNINGLY ATTRACTIVE, independent, cultured, older woman, 40s, dark hair, green eyes, slim, likes opera, art, seeks younger, tall, handsome, slim, professional, well groomed man for passionate, longterm relationship. Ring 0660 207202

ANGLO-ORIENTAL LADY, 30-35, must be professional person, sought by company MD for serious relationship. Ring 0660 204447

PROFESSIONAL FEMALE, 33, bored of the single life, seeks genuine, caring male, 30-40, for fun, friendship and possibly romance. Ring 0660 207932

DAVID, 45, DIVORCED for 11 years, amazing soh, romantic, resourceful, wonderful career, loves good food, sorry it shows, yet deceptive appearance, easygoing, suffers fools gladly. Ring 0660 204452

LATVIAN LADY, 38, 5ft 7ins looking for an intelligent man who would to like to create a family, genuine calls only please, London area preferred. Ring 0660 208609

JOLLY DECENT CHAP, dynamic, successful, gregarious, mid 40s. You are gorgeous, fun and also can't believe you're doing this. Herts/Beds/Cambs. Ring 0660 204616

GREEN EYED, long haired blonde, 27, 5ft 9in, athletic build, gsoh. Seeks easygoing male, over 5ft 10in, sporty, large to muscular build. Ring 0660 208644

BRUNETTE, SLIM, attractive, gsoh, seeks intelligent, 30ish male, for friendship and romance. Many intrests including, music, dancing, classic cars, fun and frolics. London. Ring 0660 209064

THE SEARCH FOR A WOMAN might just be over. If you would like to listen to a selection of past, present and even future Opening Lines female advertisers, then why not try our Library Line Service. Just ring this number. Ring 0660 204333

Opening Lines advertisements cost £35 for 20 words.
To place you own advertisement call -
081 466 4048
and our operators will take your advertisement, any time day or night.
Calls are charged at 39p per minute cheap rate and 49p per minute at all other times.
Paravox Ltd PO Box 230, Walton on Thames, KT12 1YX

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SKYROS Unspoilt. Remote. Lovely beaches.
ASTYPALEA Spectacular white hill-top town in an azure setting. Totally undiscovered.
LEROS Lovely rolling green hills. Unspoilt. Quiet coves and beaches. An island to explore.
NISSYROS Flowers. Amazing lush vegetation surrounds a still smouldering volcano.
SPETSES Pine clad secluded bays. varied watersports. azure seas. lively nightlife.
TILOS Remote. tranquil. serene beauty.
LIPSI Sandy coves. gentle hills and far from the madding crowds with a very Greek lifestyle.
SKOPELOS Stunning verdant scenery. Good beaches. Traditional. Friendly tavernas. local nightlife.
HALKI Magical. charming. unspoilt. Friendly
ALONISSOS Idyllic harbourside setting. Quiet.
KALYMNOS The Sponge Fishers island. Sheltered sandy bays. Friendly and very Greek.
SYMI Undiscovered. unspoilt. unbelievably beautiful .... for lovers. Traditional island houses.

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CASCADE

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CARDIFF
GLOUCESTERSHIRE
SWANSEA
WILTSHIRE
PEMBROKESHIRE
SOMERSET

WE DON'T
charge extortionate membership fees, therefore we CAN AFFORD to be selective (£35 per annum) as we cater for the professional managerial business background.

WE DON'T
expect you to attend your first event alone as one of our existing members will rendezvous with you and introduce you to those present.

WE DON'T
organise beetle drives BUT dances (quaintly called Les Bops), dining evenings, sport, walks, theatre, barbecues, parties, specialist activities e.g. caving, sub-aqua diving, horse riding, golf, incredible value weekends away, holidays, and so much more!

WE DON'T
take all ages, but we work in age ranges, male & female, 30-55.

WE DON'T
guarantee you'll meet the man or woman of your dreams (although it does happen) but we offer you the opportunity to SOCIALISE and DEVELOP A NEW NETWORK of like-minded friends.

WE DON'T
hide our membership numbers, currently 2,000.

WE DO
offer a welcome environment for the divorced, widowed, legally separated and those single who have sustained a relationship AND we pride ourselves on speaking to every prospective member personally between noon and 7pm, seven days a week on

0495 755309

and ask for Howard or Jan.

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SURVEILLANCE
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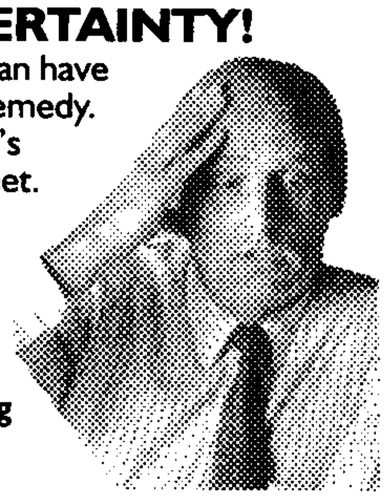
Whether it's commercial or personal, disloyalty can have catastrophic results. Fortunately there is now a remedy. Lorraine Electronics provide personal advice that's dependable, reliable and more importantly discreet. You can write or telephone in confidence for advice or simply to request a free catalogue.



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FREE
Test to find your Perfect Partner

If you want to meet the partner of your dreams why not take part in our new campaign. Whether you are young or old you could find the person you have been looking for amongst many thousands of our members throughout the country, all seeking their special partner.

A friend who is always there for you! Someone who understands you. A partner who loves you and accepts you as you are.

Here's Your Chance!

Simply complete this questionnaire and send it to us today! Or call us on

071 938 1011

You will receive in the strictest confidence, entirely free of charge and with no obligation:

1. The name and brief description of someone who could be your perfect partner.
2. Our colour brochure with lots of information about seeking a partner and meeting people.
3. A copy of our paperback *"All You Need Is Love"* (R.R.P. £3.99)

Take Part Today!

Complete this questionnaire and return it to us today, or better still, call us now. You will receive by return, entirely free of charge and without obligation, a description of someone who could be your ideal partner. Take a step towards happiness. Try it! It's worth it - you'll see!

PLEASE ENCLOSE 3 FIRST CLASS STAMPS

Please complete in block capitals

1. Mr ❒ Mrs ❒ Ms ❒

Surname:_____

First Name:_____

Address:_____

_____ Post Code:_____

Tel No._____

I am seriously interested in meeting someone through Dateline.

2. Personal Information

Marital Status: Single ❒ Divorced ❒

Widowed ❒ Separated ❒

Religion:_____

Age:_____

Place of Birth:_____

Do you have children of your own?

Yes ❒ No ❒

If yes, how many live with you?_____

3. Your personal details

Height:_____

Build: slight ❒ medium ❒ large ❒

Hair colour:_____

Dress/Looks: casual ❒ fashionable ❒ elegant ❒ sporty ❒

4. Your work

Present job:_____

Self-employed ❒ employed ❒

civil servant ❒ manual worker ❒

part-time ❒ not working ❒

unemployed ❒ in-training ❒

Schooling

O levels / GCSE's ❒ A levels ❒

Further Education ❒ Polytechnic ❒

University ❒ Business School ❒

Other:_____

5. Your Personality

❒ Warmhearted	❒ Fashionable
❒ Serious	❒ Practical
❒ Considerate	❒ Conventional
❒ Shy	❒ Reliable
❒ Romantic	❒ Adventurous

6. How would people who know you best describe you?

❒ always ready for a joke
❒ somewhat dreamy
❒ never has problems
❒ takes life a bit too seriously
❒ not easily upset
❒ always active
❒ chatty

7. Your interests

❒ Wining/Dining	❒ Jazz/Folk music
❒ Pubs	❒ Classical music
❒ Sports/Keep fit	❒ Theatre/Arts
❒ Politics/History	❒ Watching TV
❒ Reading	❒ Smoking
❒ Travelling	❒ Drinking
❒ Science/Tech	❒ Children
❒ Cinema	❒ Homemaking
❒ Pets/Animals	❒ Gardening
❒ Pop music	❒ Countryside

8. Details of the partner you would like:

Minimum age:____ Maximum age:_____

Height: min._____ max.____ Don't mind ❒

Children?

Yes, at home ❒ Yes, living elsewhere ❒

None ❒

Marital status: Single ❒ Divorced ❒

Widowed ❒ Separated ❒

Don't mind ❒

9. Which of the three pictures do you prefer? (tick the box)

Dept. PE 34

Please answer the questions above, cut out this page and send it to us at Dateline 23 Abingdon [redacted], London W8 6AL *or call us now on 071 938 1011*

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